THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For SEPTEMBER, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Sixty-ninth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

We cannot give encouragement to the poetical attempts of Z. R. *One of the pieces transmitted is a parody on a well-known performance of Pope's.*

The Report of the Philomathic Society of Paris, *reached us too late for insertion in the present Number, but shall be duly noticed in our next.*

We pity from our heart the fair Lady (for such we judge the writer to be) whose lines abound to such a degree with tears, *and* sighs, *and* sorrows, *that, in pity to our readers also, we feel bound to withhold them, lest they should produce the vapours.*

As it is not our practice to " buy a pig in a poke," it is impossible for us to answer the question of X. X. *without seeing the article to which the writer refers.*

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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———— The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 70.)

MISS EVE. How much of Hampshire did William the Conqueror lay waste to form the New Forest?

Miss *K.* About thirty miles. He drove away the inhabitants, and converted it into an abode for wild beasts; at the same time he denounced the severest penalties against those who should presume to hunt in any of the royal forests; and while the killing of a man might be atoned for by a moderate fine, the killing of a deer, a boar, or even a hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes. He caused the English to use the Norman or French tongue only in their law proceedings, had the laws of this country translated into that language, and ordered it to be taught in all schools, a practice which has never since been entirely discontinued. He governed England as a conquered country, and it may be safely affirmed, that no sovereign ever ruled with a more arbitrary and despotic sway. With regard to the curfew, or bell, at the sound of which the inhabitants were obliged to put out their fires and lights, this is said to have been a law which the Conqueror had previously established in Normandy, and which also prevailed in Scotland. Some historians, indeed, assert, though it is not mentioned by any contemporary writer, that this custom was instituted several ages before the Norman Conquest.

Miss *Eve.* I think William Rufus built the wall round the Tower of London.

Miss *K.* Yes; he surrounded the Tower with a strong rampart, rebuilt London Bridge, and erected Westminster Hall, which, though perhaps the largest room in Europe, he affected to despise as a petty bedchamber.

He obliged Malcolm, King of Scotland, to pay him the same homage as he had done to his father,

and some time afterwards slew both him and his son in battle.

Miss *Eve.* Did not Malcolm succeed Macbeth, who killed Duncan, as Shakspeare has represented in his admirable tragedy of that name?

Miss *K.* He did.

Miss *Eve.* When did Macbeth kill Duncan?

Miss *K.* The good King Duncan succeeded Malcolm II. in 1034, and was killed by Macbeth in 1046. Macbeth was killed in 1061, and succeeded by Malcolm III. who fell in 1097.

Miss *Eve.* Scotland had kings at a very remote period of antiquity.

Miss *K.* It is known to have been governed by them 330 years before the Christian era, which is about the time of Alexander the Great, when the arts so eminently flourished in Greece.

Miss *Eve.* How well the barren heaths of Scotland associate with the idea of witches! Thus Salvator Rosa's wild manner of designing landscape, the banditti whom he introduces, and the freedom of his touch, all perfectly agree.

Miss *K.* Here is a drawing of the death of William Rufus. Here is a large figure of him without skin, and another exhibiting only his osteology.

Miss *Eve.* I see the arrow has pierced his left breast.

Miss *K.* Yes; it has touched his heart, passed through the pericardium, and penetrated the left lobe of the lungs.

Miss *Eve.* I think this king was remarkable for his courage.

Miss *K.* He is said to have possessed that quality to such a degree, that it rose almost to ferocity; but the real hero unites to courage the gentler virtues. Here is a description of the latter part of the reign of William Rufus, by a very ancient historian:—

"In the second year of his reign, a great earthquake happened, which left an intolerable stink behind, and burned the steeple of the abbey of Winchester, rending the rafters of the roof, and throwing down the image of the Virgin Mary and a crucifix, breaking one of the legs thereof. In the 13th year several other prodigies happened, which were judged forerunners of his death. The morning before he was slain, he told his attendant, that he dreamed the last night, an extreme cold wind passed through his sides; whereupon some persuaded him not to hunt that day, but he resolving on the contrary, answered, 'They are no good Christians that regard dreams.'—That very day, while he was hunting in the New Forest before mentioned, he was slain with an arrow, which being shot at a deer, unfortunately glanced upon him, and struck him dead. Thus ended the troublesome, though victorious reign of William Rufus, so called from his ruddy complexion. He was comely, strong, active, and healthy of body, of a high courage and constancy, not shaken with any frowns of fortune, and withal very covetous, so that, what with the pestilence and his great exactions, the ground lay untilled, whence proceeded great famine and scarcity throughout England."

Miss *Eve.* I understood William was called Rufus from his red hair.

Miss *K.* So most historians say, but not the writer from whom this passage is extracted.

Miss *Eve.* Will you mention the Kings of England who have met an untimely death in the last thousand years?

Miss *K.* Ethelred, the fifth King of England. His army was routed in 872, by the Danes, near Whittingham, where he received a wound of which he died.

Edmund, the eighth king, was killed by one Leolf, a notorious robber, whom he had banished the kingdom. On the 26th May, 946, while he was celebrating the feast of St. Augustine, in memory of the conversion of the Saxons, he observed that this ruffian had the boldness to enter the hall where he himself dined, and to sit at table with his attendants. Enraged at this insolence, he ordered him to leave the room, and on his refusing to obey, leaped upon him, and seized him by the hair; but the wretch, pushed to extremity, suddenly drew a dagger, and gave Edmund a wound, of which he instantly expired.

Edward, called the Martyr, 12th King of England. Being one day hunting in Dorsetshire, he happened to pass by a place called Corfe Castle, in the island of Purbeck, a country seat of his stepmother Elfrida. This cruel princess, who saw him coming at a distance, ordered one of her servants to kill him; and the better to accomplish her purpose, she ran to meet him with a smiling countenance. The king complained of being thirsty, on which she ordered some wine to be brought him; but just as he was beginning to drink, the ruffian whom Elfrida had prepared, gave him two deep wounds in the body with a dagger. Edward would have fled, and, according to some, instantly rode off at full speed; but falling from his horse, his foot became entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged up and down in the fields and woods, till at length he was found dead near the house of a poor blind woman, by the persons whom Elfrida had sent after him. Others relate, that the assassin by whom he was first wounded, followed and dispatched him. This atrocious villany was perpetrated in 978, in the third year of his reign, and the eighteenth of his age. He was buried at Wareham, removed to Shaftsbury, and canonized some time afterwards. According to the superstition of those times, it was pretended that many miracles were wrought at his grave. Ethelred II. son of Elfrida, then about twelve years of age, succeeded to the throne. Elfrida built monasteries, and submitted to many penances, but notwithstanding all her marks of contrition, whether real or pretended, she continued till the day of her death to be held in detestation by every humane person.

Miss *Eve.* This vile action of the beautiful, but cruel Elfrida, was of a piece with her conduct to her first husband, Ethelwold.

Miss *K.* Edmund Ironsides, 14th King of England, grandson to Elfrida, was assassinated. Some say, that Edric, his brother-in-law, caused him to be murdered by two of his domestics; and others, that he made his own son commit the infamous deed. Canute, King of Denmark, having conquered great part of the kingdom, reigned jointly with Edmund. Edric hoped, by this murder, to ingratiate himself

with Canute; and congratulating himself on the service he had thus rendered to that monarch, was the first to run and acquaint him with the news. The king was struck with horror, but dissembled his feelings, and, as he still wanted the traitor, he promised to raise him above all the other lords of the kingdom. This promise he afterwards performed, but in a different manner from what the perfidious wretch expected, for he had his head cut off, and fixed on one of the highest gates of London. Edmund Ironsides was killed in 1017, after having reigned near a year, and given frequent testimonies of the most exalted valour, consummate prudence, and the utmost goodness.

Harold II. 19th King of England, killed by an arrow at the battle of Hastings, in 1066.

William II. 21st King of England, killed by an arrow in the New Forest, August 2, 1100.

Richard I. 26th King of England, was also killed by an arrow, April 6, 1199, in his 43d year. Having laid siege to Chaluz, in Limousin, in order to possess himself of a treasure which a gentleman of that province had discovered in his grounds, a cross-bowman, named Bertram Gordon, who was very skilful, took aim at, and mortally wounded him.

Edward II. 29th king, was put to death at Berkeley Castle, by Sir Thomas Gourney and Sir James Maltravers, in October, 1327.

Richard II. 31st king, was murdered in 1399, at Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire, by eight ruffians, headed by Sir Piers Exton; though some writers assert, that he was starved to death by order of the Duke of Lancaster, who succeeded him as Henry IV.

Henry VI. 34th king, is said by some to have been killed in the Tower of London, by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. but this appears extremely doubtful.

Edward V. was smothered in 1483, in the Tower, with his brother, the Duke of York, and buried under a staircase, where their bones were found, and removed to Westminster Abbey by order of Charles II. in 1674.

Richard III. 37th king, fell in the battle of Bosworth, August 22, 1485.

Charles I. 44th king, beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, 1648.

Some think, that King John was poisoned by a monk of Swinstead Abbey; that Edward IV. was poisoned by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester; and the Earl of Chesterfield and some other writers are of opinion, that Charles II. was poisoned.

Miss *Eve.* I have a print, in the manner of Fuseli, representing a monk of Swinstead Abbey, in Lincolnshire, mixing a toad, with other ingredients, in a dish, to poison King John. Some, however, believe, that he died at Newark, of grief for the loss of his baggage in the washes of Lincolnshire; and others assert, that he was carried off by a fever. Henry VI. died soon after the battle of Tewkesbury; that it was by violence is very uncertain. That Edward IV. was poisoned by Richard is also unlikely. What is written to the prejudice of those kings, however bad they may be, who are succeeded by their enemies, should be read

with great caution. Charles II. died suddenly, and, as some imagine, by poison, but this is very uncertain. I observe all the three Richards were killed; and if Henry VI. was not sent prematurely to the grave, the eight kings of that name died a natural death.

Above thirty sovereigns of Scotland have come to an untimely end, and among the rest was the beautiful and accomplished Mary Stuart. I think the last plate engraved by Sherwin, was a portrait of this unfortunate queen?

Miss *K.* Yes; from a picture by Isaac Oliver.

Miss *Eve.* What are the dates of that painter?

Miss *K.* Isaac Oliver was born in England, in 1556, and died in 1617. He was pupil to Nicholas Hilliard (born at Exeter, 1547, died 1619), and father and instructor of Peter Oliver, who was born in 1601, and died in 1660.

Miss *Eve.* I think you observed, that Sherwin used to say, scarcely any of the engravers knew what they were about.

Miss *K.* Yes; he meant that their works are radically wrong; that they do not understand the perspective of the stroke as they ought, or to make the stroke angular and crispy, varied and just, so as to form the truth of the drawing, in every line, on every part over which it passes. This alone, properly understood, would make a good engraver. His works exhibit this first-rate rule in greater perfection than it is to be found in the prints by any other artist.

Miss *Eve.* Can the history of Ireland be traced back to remote antiquity?

Miss *K.* Here is a book published near 100 years ago, by a Dr. Keating, entitled a "General History or Chronicle of Ireland; the whole containing the series of about 3300 years, viz. from the time of Japhet, son of Noah, to the reign of Henry II. of England. Translated from the original Irish." Pub. 1722.

Miss *Eve.* You mentioned the names of some celebrated painters born previously to Charles I. Can you name those born during his reign and the protectorship, from 1625 to the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, a space of 35 years?

Miss *K.*

Luca Giordano J. Rousseau	1626
P. Roestraaten S. van Hoogstraaten	1627
J. T. Blankhof	1628
Young Quellinus Sygbrecht J. Beeldemaker	1630
Ludolph Backhuysen N. Maas Mary Biel	1632
Young Wm. Vandervelde Old Elliger F. Moucheron	1633
J. Monnoyer Baptist F. Mieris	1635
Jan Steen Jacob Ruysdaal Melchior Hondekoeter Jacob Gellig	1636
Job Berckheyden Minderhout	1637
Abr. Hondius	1638
Ger. de Lairesse Martinez K. du Jardin Il Montagni	1640
G. Schalcken Slob J. Vostermann	1643
Wm. Gibson Duval J. Murrer	1644

Old J. Griffier	1645
John Riley . . . . . Sir Godfrey Kneller .	1646
Wulfraat	1648

During the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, or rather during the interregnum:—

Brickenburg . . . . J. Greenhill	1649
J. Verkoli	1650
Gerard Edema	1652
Laroon	1653
Ercolino . . . . . Louis Dorigny . . .	1654
P. Roos, called Rosa di Tivoli	1655
Wm. Wissing	1656
Verheyden	1657
Van Kampen	1658
Adrian Vanderwerf . Melchior Roos (brother to Rosa di Tivoli) . . Sebastian Ricci . . . Old Justus van Huysum	1659
Peter Brandel . . .	1660,

the year of the restoration of Charles II.

Miss *Eve.* Charles's landing at Dover is, I think, well represented in Mr. West's picture, of which there is an excellent engraving by Sharp.

Miss *K.* That print was begun by Woollett. I have an aqua-fortis proof of it. Sharp is one of the best engravers at this time.

West's *Death of General Wolfe*, his *Battles of La Hogue* and *the Boyne*, *Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament*, and the picture you have mentioned, have all much merit. He well deserves the honourable post of President of the Royal Academy.

Miss *Eve.* What a deal has been said in thousands of novels, plays, &c. about that seat of the affections, the heart—the mistress contemptuous or inconstant—the lover dying—the physicians prescribing—the chapter concluding with the lover saying,—

> I've that within me baffles all their art,
> Sure means to make the soul and body part,
> A burning fever and a broken heart.

Lord Chesterfield observes, that a great portion of mankind have one of these two defects, either a designing head and a cold heart, or a weak head and a warm heart.

Miss *K.* A wise head and a warm heart are indeed very rarely united.

Miss *Eve.* Many novels are censured for giving false ideas of life, men, and things.

Miss *K.* Here is a newspaper which contains a receipt for writing a novel. I don't know the author of it.

> Dear ——, in your last you mention,
> To write a novel's your intention;
> 'Twill be a friendly act in me,
> To send you a rare recipe.
> Seated in form, it is your duty,
> First to describe your heroine's beauty;
> Rather above the middle size,
> With auburn hair and sparkling eyes;
> A Grecian nose and dimpled chin,
> One pouting lip, the other thin;
> Her face, I think, must oval be,
> Her teeth like pearl or ivory;
> Her shape of truest symmetry:
> Thus finish'd in each limb and feature,
> She's a most lovely, charming creature.
> Now for your hero—graceful, tall,
> And dances sweetly at a ball;
> In person manly, warm in temper,
> In polish'd manner idem semper;
> Whether he claps his neighing steed,
> Or takes up some new book to read,
> Still grace and elegance are seen,
> In voice, in action, and in mien.
> His courage must to all be known,
> And publicly it must be shown;
> A duel, therefore, be your care,
> To fire his pistol in the air;
> By no means this grand point neglect,
> It always has a fine effect.
> To the object of her strong affection
> Her father must have strong objection;
> No matter whether wise or not,
> It serves to carry on the plot.

Be sure your lady's maid be clever,
Or else the fair-one's lost for ever;
So much depends on this same lass,
No good without her comes to pass.
Whenever, ——, you intend
Your heroine from town to send;
When days are longer grown, and hotter,
Some place of note you must allot her.
Three in a moment I can name,
Brighthelmston, Weymouth, Cheltenham:
But mind—'twould be a horrid bore,
Not to allow a coach and four;
This satisfies all folks of sense,
That she's of rank and consequence.
Should she a fav'rite book peruse,
Some fashionable author chuse;
And 'tis a solecism in breeding,
If she's not sometimes fond of reading;
No matter if to wit or sense
The work has not the least pretence;
'Tis now become a standing rule,
To chuse a fashionable fool.
If properly attended to,
These few short hints, dear ——, will do.
Sit down, my friend, without delay,
Take pen and ink, and dash away.

JUNINUS.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 78.)

YARMOUTH QUAY

Is allowed to be the most extensive and finest in Europe, that of Seville alone excepted. This may be true, with respect to mere extent; but notwithstanding its fine situation, the connoisseur will look in vain for any majestic and noble buildings, although hardly any place is better adapted to a display of architectural beauty, especially that part which lies between the bridge and town-hall.

Every one must regret, that a site so susceptible of embellishment, should not possess a single edifice deserving notice, but, on the contrary, be degraded by some specimens of the worst taste; among which the most conspicuous is a house, with a whimsical verandah, supported by Ionic pillars on pedestals!! and the front is as much encumbered by this frightful excrescence, as it would be by a mason's scaffold. Further on is another house, with four heavy Doric columns (the height of the ground floor), on which rests a light iron balustrade! The house itself, a mere upright strip, with three windows on a floor, has no ornament whatever; it is therefore easy to conceive, that this *classical piece* of building does not add greatly to the beauty of the quay. The houses in general are mere narrow strips; the eye in vain looks about for an unbroken range of building, however plain, on which it may repose. Yet this patch-work affords no picturesque variety, *Facies non omnibus nec diversa tamen.*

It must, indeed, be confessed, that architectural taste is at the very lowest ebb at Yarmouth.

A new street has lately been formed, communicating with the quay and principal street, which consists of mere white walls, perforated with apertures for doors and windows, and, with a single exception, there are no cornices to the houses.

The town-hall itself, although, from its favourable situation, it is capable of being viewed to the greatest advantage, and from so many points of view, is a structure of no positive, although of some comparative merit; and notwithstanding, it is completely insu-

lated, the western front alone is decorated.

Perhaps the inhabitants are of opinion, that their dwellings are, "when unadorned, adorned the most;" at least it may with justice be asserted, that, as far as regards buildings, this quay has not the least pretensions to beauty; nor is there at present any probability of improvement in this respect, at least what has lately been performed, does not incline one to augur very favourably.

From the description in Tours and Guides (which but too often serve to mislead our opinion), a stranger would suppose, previously to having seen it, that this quay would be adorned with some such piles as the Custom-House at Dublin, or Senate-House at Cambridge; at least some such orderly series of houses as the parades at Bath: but should he be an admirer of architecture, and withal sanguine in his expectations, his disappointment will be proportionably great. The houses are not better than those in many market and provincial towns, and some in still inferior taste; an exception may be made in favour of the house belonging to —— Steward, Esq.; it is certainly quite plain, yet well proportioned and without affectation; if there is nothing to attract, there is nothing to offend the eye: such a front is far preferable to elevations, in which ancient Doric columns and verandahs are jumbled together. Of all the orders, I consider the ancient Doric as the least appropriate to domestic buildings, from its extreme massiveness and severity of character; and this unfitness is rendered still more apparent, when the rest of the building is left quite bare. There certainly are occasions on which it may be employed with success, and to which it appears peculiarly applicable. At present it appears to be the fashion, taste, or rage to introduce it on every occasion, from theatres down to cottages and shop fronts. It is to be hoped, however, that this rage, like many other species of rages, will subside by degrees.

PUBLIC LIBRARY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Dyer, in his *History of Cambridge*, speaking of this edifice, says, "The interior is a fine room, and the exterior structure, seen by itself, or in the vicinity of less magnificent objects, would obtain much praise; but surveying it between King's College chapel and the Senate-House, the eye is not sufficiently at leisure to admire." I do not exactly coincide in opinion with Mr. D.; for I do not think that the front of the library is altogether eclipsed by the neighbouring edifices. It is a composition of great elegance, and has more merit than many buildings of greater reputation; and although it has neither columns nor pilasters, is in a more finished and correct style than the Adelphi, the house of the Society of Arts, and the Amicable Society's house in Fleet-street. The two former buildings especially are in a frivolous taste; the latter is sufficiently elegant in its general design to make us regret that the architect should not have dressed the windows, for want of which it has now an unfinished appearance. Indeed, I know of hardly any thing that contributes more to the degradation of the art, or that produces so many bastard

and half-finished buildings, as this custom of introducing architectural ornaments, while the necessary members receive no decoration whatever. If this happens from motives of economy, it is extremely ill judged, since it would surely be greater economy to reject ornament entirely, in which case we should often escape being disgusted; or it would be as prudent to expend that on windows which is now bestowed on columns and pilasters. Yet I am inclined to believe, that, if of late years nothing has appeared resembling the gorgeous palace or the cloud-capped temple, nothing rivalling Wanstead or Blenheim, it proceeds as much from indifference towards the art as from consideration of the expence. What sums are lavished on the preparations for a gala and a fête! Painted floors, devices, and transparencies swallow up thousands. Temporary pavilions and ball-rooms are erected at a cost which would suffice to build palaces. I am ready to allow, that these fairy scenes sometimes display exquisite taste and magnificence, while I regret that so much beauty is but evanescent; we have hardly time to view them, before it vanishes, and,

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a trace behind"

Trade certainly may be benefited by such expenditure, yet I must question whether the finer arts can derive any benefit from it. It is too much like condemning those talents which are able to erect lasting monuments, to form such perishable creations as statues of snow and palaces of ice. Beauty cannot surely possess too great a permanency: for my own part, I should behold the master-pieces of art with as much regret as pleasure, did I apprehend, while viewing them, that they were shortly to exist no more.

THE UTILITY OF PERSPECTIVE TO ARCHITECTS

Is so obvious, that we are surprised they should ever neglect to avail themselves of those advantages which are to be derived from the study of it. Even supposing that an architect is always able to form for himself an acccurate idea of the appearance of a building from a geometrical elevation, yet persons who have not studied the art scientifically, are often misled by such representations, and sometimes form a very incorrect notion of the intended structure. The artist would do well, therefore, to *exhibit* his designs in perspective; he might still, if he chose, exhibit his plans and elevations, but he certainly ought to accompany them by a perspective drawing. Numbers would be gratified by the latter, who would pass by the former, or who would consider them as merely mechanical productions, requiring no greater talents than pattern-drawing. Is it not evident, that, in all the Exhibitions at the Royal Academy, the architectural department is the least popular and attractive? Besides, I am not only of opinion, that were the mode of exhibiting designs in perspective generally adopted, it would tend greatly to raise the art itself in the public favour and estimation; but that it would, at the same time, be of essential service to it, by demanding greater exertion and ability on the part of its professors,

and by requiring some knowledge of picturesque effect. This might perhaps tend to decrease the number of exhibitors, but it would also raise the value of those who remained. At present, every builder's apprentice who can handle a pair of compasses, considers himself competent to the task of producing *designs*, if things in which nothing of design is apparent, can deserve to be so named.

By presenting their productions in a more alluring and captivating shape, architects would surely consult their interest by rendering the art more an object of public attention and study; introduce a better taste in building in general, than at present exists; and, in all probability, were they in the habit of bestowing greater study upon picturesque effect and arrangement, its beneficial results would be discoverable in their works: greater variety, for instance, in the outline, and also in the disposition of the several masses of the building, by which a happy effect of light and shade might often be obtained.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. VIII.

My commission is not to reason of the deed,
But to do it. — SHAKSPEARE.

As the number of my correspondents increase, their complaints become more diversified. Some of these are of so strange a nature, that I find it hard to decide, whether they ought to be pitied or laughed at. Of this kind is the very strange composition I am about to lay before my readers; and as my judgment is inadequate to the task of deciding what to think of this retailer of little miseries, I shall leave it to the encouragers of the *Repository of Arts*, to place the writer in that class which may seem to them the most proper.

Sweet Mr. Cogitator,

You must know, sir, that I am one of those miserable beings ycleped an old bachelor, and that I have been cooped up by an old godmother, who is now no more, until I am the most miserable thing alive, and the least uncommon occurrence puts me out of the way. It is true, I am a man of good property, but the want of knowing how to spend it, and the little intercourse I have had with the world, puts me constantly in such a number of disagreeable dilemmas, that my whole life is now a misery to me. But I hasten to inform you in what way it is so, by stating a case in point; and you, Mr. Cogitator, may, if you will, publish it, in order to inform your readers how much I need their compassion.—Only last week, sir, did I commence my way of living like other people. I had then determined to throw off all restraint, and make an effort to mix with the world. I began in the morning by divesting myself of an old grey coat, which had long served me for a morning gown, and putting on a new suit, spent the morning in looking over the gay shop-windows of London, and returned at three o'clock to

dinner, resolving, for the first time in my life, to visit a theatrical exhibition. Determined to be in time, I intended to reach the place of expected pleasure at an early hour. But, after I had been engaged for nearly half an hour in looking for my gloves, a sudden rain came down, on purpose, no doubt, to prevent the accomplishment of my anxious desires. Did ever mortal meet with any thing so provoking? I threw myself into a chair, and there sat cursing my unfortunate stars, and beating the devil's tattoo with one of my feet, while my other leg reclined on a chair. I had no umbrella, and I feared that a coach might cost more than my expected gratification would be worth.—At length, however, I put my hand out of the window, and finding that the rain had abated, I now once more surveyed myself, with no little gratification, in my looking-glass. My new brown coat, my black silk waistcoat, my lemon-coloured small-clothes, and white cotton stockings, made me, to my thinking, look like a nobleman, and, with no little self-satisfaction, I sallied out to Drury-lane. I needed not, I now found, have so fretted about the storm of rain, for I arrived at so early an hour at the theatre, that few people had assembled round the doors. I, however, joined the first group. I became amused by the different expressions of expectation and desire imprinted upon their different countenances; and after being exposed to a regular draught of wind for one whole hour, I was wriggled completely away from the door of admittance, at which I had been nearly the first to appear. My toes were trodden nearly flat, and my charming white cotton stockings raked down the sides with urchin mud. After being nearly smothered in the pestiferous atmosphere of gin, onions, and tobacco, I was at length suffered to ascend *Pleasure's* narrow staircase. I followed, or rather was borne along by the expectant mob, until I was arrested by the demand of one shilling. Delighted at the lowness of the demand, for my godmamma had taught me to be saving, I ascended yet higher, higher yet, with accelerated steps, and at length took my seat among the vociferous and garlic-eating rascals of noisy enjoyment Here, however, sir, I could not long remain contented; my natural irritability returned. I had for some time borne the discordant enquiries of, "Tom Jones, where are you?"—"Sall Muggins, *vhy* don't you come and sit here?"—"Music, Rule *Brittanna*, Nosey, and Bottle of porter—Bill of the play," with tolerable patience; nay, even an attempt at music by the several performers on a fife and Pan's pipes close to my ears, did not cause me to remove from my seat, until the entrance of a *lady* and child, who I found had a place *kept* near me, disconcerted all my philosophy. The child, who on its entrance was fast asleep, roused by the yells of obstreperous joy around it, commenced its treble to join the concert; when, from the hissing hot pocket of its mamma was drawn, to pacify the darling of her heart, some gin and water. It was presented to its little mouth; but, alas for me! the urchin seemed a child of more gentility: whether or not it was shocked at the vulgar

potion presented by its degenerate parent, I cannot determine, but it dashed away the ignominious liquid with its hand; the vessel fell into the vasty deep beneath, but not until it had bedewed my once delightful habiliments with its odoriferous contents; it drenched my head and my clean neckcloth in ample streams; descended to my lemon-coloured breeches, and, like the precious ointment which fell from Aaron's beard, it descended even to my heels. This, sir, you must allow, was more than mortal man could bear. With grief too big for utterance, I rose. The lady indeed *axed* my pardon; but could that restore me to my pristine elegance? No, sir! I had long cast my eyes on those snug boxes where I saw each gay spectator enter, and quitting my seat in haste, for one of those asylums, I ran down stairs, and without answering the door-keeper's impertinent question, "If I were coming back again?" found myself in the street. Casting my eyes over a large porch, I read the word, Boxes, and entered the door. I paid for admission all the money I carried in my pocket, and received in exchange a copper token. I ascended a staircase as solitary and quiet as the one I had left was noisy and multitudinous; from one avenue I strolled to another, but without seeing a soul. At length I found myself in a circular room, and soon after in a widely extended apartment. Here were sitting several elegantly dressed females on sofas of crimson velvet; but the glare of lights which now burst upon me, made me feel my own insignificance. I shrunk into myself, and leaving the place in search of the more immediate scene of action, I arrived at a spot where were many doors, but all shut against me. "Ah!" said I, "I have then no business here—I have mistaken myself, and my poor seven shillings is gone for nothing!" I knew not how to act. I was now quizzed by many an *élégante* and by a parcel of old hags, who kept chaunting, in a doleful recitative, "Choice fruit, your honour, book and bill of the play?" "Apples or oranges?" vociferated half a dozen others at one time. In vain, sir, I said, "No, thank ye, good women." They laughed in my face. One asked me if I wanted a rasher of bacon and a pipe, and where I had stolen my order. While they were thus amusing themselves, by standing on tip-toe I barely caught a glimpse of the house, and now and then a strain of music, but more forcibly heard a thousand plaudits, which at length overcame the faculty of hearing aught else, and which seemed to be extorted from the spectators by the exquisiteness of the performance. This was the ecstasy of misery. No one appeared, sir, to whom I might put a request of admission, and the house was again silent. Again the music was playing a symphony; again I put *all* my eyes and ears in requisition to devour all I could. I was soon, however, interrupted by a wrench by the arm, and a curse "for an idle box-keeper," which whirled me to a distance. I found I had received this from a grand gentleman with a cocked hat. I assured him, in the meekest terms possible, that he was mistaken. The proper officer arrived. He

shewed the blustering gentleman into a box; the door was slammed again, and I was left to silent meditation. At length a bustle for places occurring at the end of the first act, and subsiding, I gained courage to vent my sorrows to a gentleman with a key in his hand. He appeared somewhat less dignified than the rest. He eyed me from top to toe. "He was very sorry I had stood so long," and at length offered to get me a place. Thrice were my hopes raised and repressed; the seats were all filled. At last the man accomplished his mission, and a middle seat on the third row was at length offered me. Eyed by every one as an intruder, my *entré* was far from felicitous. Not aware that the seats lifted up, I strode with one leg, Colossus like, toward the seat. One foot had gained possession, while its brother was following, when its toe, grimy black, struck against a lady's white dress. The whole of the occupants of the box were enraged against me; at length, in despair, I bounced into the seat, and hoped soon to lose every mark of attention. Perhaps, sir, you will think, that having gained my long wished for object, I became quite comfortable in my feelings; if so, you are egregiously mistaken. I became so confused, that the magic of the scene was entirely lost to me. The box I occupied was nearly filled by, as I afterwards understood, a certain new-made alderman, his vulgar wife, and, if possible, more vulgar daughters. The poor man had been condemned to quit, for one evening, the smoking-club at the Fishmongers' Arms, and, for the sake of peace, had ordered a new wig, and come, as his wife called it, like *themselves*, to the theatre; and truly they were like no one else. I took them indeed for duchesses by their dress; yet, if they were duchesses, I thought they were the most impertinent ones in the world; and I had not sat with them long, before they scrupled not to treat me with the most marked contempt. They laughed in my face, and wondered aloud, why such people were suffered to come among gentlefolks. Perhaps, sir, on recollection, I ought not much to wonder at this, for my appearance could neither have been ornamental nor respectable. The oblation I had gained in the gallery lost nothing in sweet savour from the heat, and I began to send forth an odour not quite so pleasant as almonds or cassia, and was, no doubt, a serious annoyance to the house. But those who were, or who professed to be, most annoyed, were the young ladies before mentioned; for though their father, good easy man, was an excellent tallow-chandler, and they had all been brought up in a little back parlour close to the premises, they now professed, "that their disgust approached to nausea," and handed around their vinegarets. They asked their papa aloud, if he did not smell the nasty wretch; while I, too certain of the cause, was at every time crimsoned over with blushes, and a tremor which ran through my body, made me feel the whole weight of my penance. But the alderman, too grateful to that which had elevated him to the rank he now held, and who cursed the idea of doing penance to please his family, struck a cruel

blow at their would-be gentility. He censured them aloud for their *fine noses*, and bade them remember their origin. Indeed, he appeared, the whole time I dared to turn my eyes on him, gaping or staring at vacuity; he did, indeed, once seem willing to enter into conversation with me, as a relief, seeing nothing of that hauteur about me which he beheld in those who surrounded him; but prejudice, although in a different form than that which struck his daughters, prevented his wishes being gratified. He had caught the sight of my glass suspended to a buttonhole, for I am really near-sighted. On viewing this, he pursed up his mouth in contempt, and turned his back on me. At length, sir, I lost all sight and memory, and recollect nothing more that passed, till I found myself entangled among a host of coaches. I threw myself on my pillow with disgust, vowing never again to court contempt and misery.

HUMPHRY BASHFUL.

EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.

THE history of Russia contains such a multitude of extraordinary events, that we need not penetrate into the obscure antiquity of the empire, to discover scenes calculated to excite mingled horror and astonishment. Did not the generations of the past century behold transactions, the narrative of which, however strictly true, will scarcely be credited by posterity? Sudden elevations from the lowest steps of human life to the highest degree of earthly grandeur, rapid dethronements, haughty ambition and deep degradation, seem to follow in that empire in such extraordinary succession, as if it had been purposely selected by Providence to exhibit, in the most obvious manner, the instability of human greatness, which the Almighty hand giveth and taketh away.

Of these vicissitudes, the unfortunate Eudoxia Feodorowna, the first wife of Peter the Great, affords a striking example. The never-fading renown of the great prince who gave a new character to the Russian people, ought not to deter the honest historian from interweaving with the events of his active life, the adventures of the accomplished female whom the czar first exalted to the throne. Who can read them without shedding tears over the errors of her husband, whose merits as a sovereign are so conspicuous? Which of his subjects, however jealous of the glory of the immortal prince, can deny, that he was sometimes guilty of a precipitation which obscured his greatness, but without robbing him of his durable merit?

Many have attempted to write the history of this unhappy princess, of whose very existence Peter's biographers appear totally ignorant; but none has ventured to draw conclusions with that candour and impartiality which her unfortunate fate requires; neither has any had the art to throw, with tender compassion, a light over her actions; or known how to com-

bine truth and delicacy in such a manner, that while the pencil correctly delineates the deviations of princes, it avoids violating the majesty of the throne, by too hateful a combination of colours. Yet, it is qualifications of this kind alone that enable the historian to offer useful lessons, without danger, to those on whom chance has bestowed crowns and sceptres. Conscious of their power, they despise the opinion of their contemporaries, but all of them respect the sentiments of posterity.

It is well known that Peter the Great was raised to the throne by a series of events of which the annals of his ancestors afford abundant examples. As the issue of the second marriage of his father, Michael Alexiewitz, he seemed to be for ever excluded from the succession, not only by the aversion of the nation to all the children of their sovereigns under similar circumstances, but still more by the existence of two princes by the first wife. The will of his father was moreover calculated to deprive him of all hope, for a year before his death he declared his eldest son Feodor his successor.

Feodor reigned seven years; and though twice married, left no issue. He considered his brother Ivan incapable of wielding the Russian sceptre, and therefore appointed Peter I. then only ten years old, to succeed him.

The Princess Sophia, Ivan's third sister, availed herself of this circumstance to escape the rigour of the law, which doomed all the daughters of the deceased czar to a monastic life, and with the assistance of the Strelitzes, a bold and turbulent military corps, who have frequently decided the fate of the Russian crown, frustrated the arrangements of Feodor in behalf of his brother Peter, whose elevation she desired the less, as that prince, though still so young, excited the highest expectations in all who enjoyed opportunities of observing him. The work commenced by Sophia terminated in numerous proscriptions and executions. She decreed irrevocably, that Ivan and Peter should reign jointly; nominated herself, under the pretext of the imbecility of the one and the tender age of the other, regent of the empire, and boldly seized the helm of the state. Sophia considered any means of gratifying her unbounded ambition as legitimate, and imagined that she might thus open herself the way to the throne. It depended, indeed, on her firmness alone to make herself mistress of the supreme power; a fresh insurrection of the Strelitzes might cost Peter the empire and his life, and the weak Ivan was incapable of counteracting her plans.

Her own irresolution, however, and the penetration of the czar, who saw clearly through his sister's designs, saved him from the impending danger. He fled to the convent of the Trinity, which, notwithstanding its sacred destination, was completely fortified, and there made known his just apprehensions to the world. All eyes were turned towards him, and all hearts were filled with compassion. From this moment he began to reign, but he broke, by cruel tortures, the spirit of all the adherents of his sister Sophia, and shut herself up, in 1689, in a convent at Moscow.

Ivan was still suffered to retain the exterior insignia of sovereignty, while Peter exercised its powers with unlimited sway.

Not long before Peter obtained actual possession of the throne, he had taken a wife after the manner of his ancestors. The Princess Sophia, who was acquainted with all his foibles, without anticipating to what enterprizes his genius, which now began to be developed, would stimulate him, was the first occasion of this step. She ordered it to be made known throughout the whole Russian empire, that the Czar Peter had resolved to share his heart and his throne with the most accomplished female that the wide extent of his dominions could produce. Hundreds and thousands of maidens, distinguished by birth, beauty, and all the charms of youth, and for whose ambitious families a crown had more attractions than for themselves, were assembled on the 19th of June, 1689, in the great hall of the palace of Moscow.

On the appearance of the czar, a thousand wishes began to be excited in the bosoms of this lovely circle; piercing looks, in which modesty and tenderness were legibly expressed, met him on all sides. He became uneasy; never had he beheld at once such a profusion of charms. His sparkling eye wandered irresolute. How, indeed, was it possible for his heart to decide, when it was every moment surprized by new fascinations! All at once his indecision ceased; he discovered the beautiful ideal of all perfections, and his choice was fixed. It was the enchanting Eudoxia Feodorowna, daughter of Feodor Abrahamowitz Lapuschin, a gentleman of the grand-duchy of Nowgorod, who took the least pains to please, and yet captivated all the desires of the prince. The offspring of a union which love alone had formed, she combined at the age of seventeen years all the charms of her sex, with a mind which rendered her beauty and talents still more conspicuous. She commanded the general homage of the other sex. So many perfections could not escape the penetrating eye of the czar; and it seemed as if at this moment his natural tact for promptly distinguishing those who were worthy of his confidence, had all at once completely unfolded itself. Eudoxia received the confession of her election with a modesty inherent only in noble souls; her natural and very venial joy, on finding herself preferred before all the others, was intimately blended with gratitude to Peter, who at once raised her to an elevation to which her wishes could never have aspired. Their nuptials were celebrated with a pomp corresponding with the vast extent of the dominions of the Russian monarch; and in less than two years she had the happiness to present him with two male heirs to his crown. Alexander, the eldest, was spared, by an early death, all that anguish which the fate of his unfortunate mother must have inflicted on his heart. Far more melancholy was the lot of Alexis, the younger, who seemed destined to survive his brother, merely to fall a sacrifice to the ambition of a stepmother and the most unreasonable distrust.

Such was the issue of an union

concluded under such auspicious appearances. But too soon was the fire of love extinguished in the heart of the young czar, who grew tired of his beautiful and accomplished consort. Peter had accidentally discovered, in one of the suburbs of Moscow, a fascinating female, who had kindled an unhallowed flame in his bosom. Love levels all ranks; beauty exalts the beloved object above all the fortuitous privileges of her sex; and thus Anne Maensen, the daughter of a German settled in the metropolis, irresistibly captivated the czar. All the steps of princes are watched, so that their tender connections can scarcely remain concealed: the multitude are fond of detecting the foibles of their sovereign, for they serve as an excuse for their own deviations, and a veil for their own faults.

Peter was moreover too unpolished to be capable of moderating his passion: violent and impetuous in all his actions, he was himself the first to betray his private intrigues. Such an affair too nearly concerned his wife to remain long a secret to her. Unfortunately, her jealousy was so strongly inflamed, that she lost sight of all those rules of prudence which should by all means have regulated her proceedings, if she had wished to effect a change in the heart of her husband. Instead of concealing her mortification, instead of endeavouring, by gentleness and patience, to regain Peter's affections, she burst out into hasty reproaches, as little calculated to conciliate as the expressions of her despair, which, instead of bringing them nearer together again, only tended to widen the breach.

The czar's mother, a branch of the family of Narischkin, one of the first and most ancient houses of Russia, whose virtues history cannot praise sufficiently, was no sooner informed of this misunderstanding which had arisen between her children, than she exerted all her influence to reconcile them. She represented to her daughter-in-law, that the czar was hurried away rather by the warmth of his constitution, than any real attachment; that he would certainly be cured of a passion arising solely from the ardour of youth; that he must necessarily return to the path of virtue as soon as he had learned her worth; that she ought to suppress her vexation, and shew the czar that she wished to captivate him only by her mental qualifications, and by claims of a much nobler kind than those of a prostitute, who bestows her caresses solely from selfish motives; and that this would be the only way to reclaim her husband sooner or later.

Eudoxia did not relish this excellent advice. She probably imagined, that Peter would not venture to proceed to so dangerous a step as a separation. She determined, let her motives have been what they might, to turn a deaf ear to the most urgent entreaties, and even conceived the extraordinary idea, that counsels which tended to such moderation, could proceed from nothing but personal animosity against her. She therefore followed only the suggestions of her irritated heart, and, in a private interview, not only loaded her hus-

band with reproaches, conveyed in the severest language, but declared, without reserve, that she would no longer share his bed.

If Eudoxia, less absorbed by the happiness of the moments which she had spent since her marriage in the society of the czar, had employed her time in studying his character, she had acted at this critical moment with greater discretion; at least, she would not have persevered in her last obstinate determination, which alone was sufficient to cut her off from all means of regaining the heart of a prince naturally so coarse and so violent as Peter. This idea is founded on the undisputed fact, that the czar, at the moment when he quitted her apartment, himself excused her behaviour, and could not withhold a kind of respect from her indignation, because he attributed it to the highest degree of tenderness, which is justified by the sacred rights of matrimony. Persons who knew him intimately, were convinced, that, strong as was his aversion to every kind of restraint, he would never have proceeded to extremities, had not Eudoxia, instigated by mischievous counsels, reduced his favourites to the necessity of contriving her ruin, in order to escape the effects of her rage.

Having heard that Lefort in particular encouraged the irregularities of her husband, inasmuch as he sought out objects for the gratification of his sensual appetites, she thought fit to remonstrate with him on the subject. Lefort seemed surprised, as though all suspicion of this kind in regard to him had been unjust; and Eudoxia, exasperated at the shameless hypocrisy of the favourite, which seemed to forbid all hope of amendment, thought to succeed better, if she gave him to understand how much he had to fear from her anger. Her menaces had such an effect upon him, that he firmly resolved to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity to ruin her completely in the opinion of the czar. This refugee from Geneva, who strove to instil into the mind of the emperor a taste for every thing good and useful that civilized states have to boast of, without making the slightest efforts to inspire him with aversion for the excesses to which he was addicted, now took more pains than ever to encourage the czar's matrimonial infidelity, that he might be the more sure of success in his wicked design against the deluded Eudoxia. Peter was the more attached to this favourite, as he found in him a warm defender of his licentious way of life, ground sufficient for expecting from such a man aid and applause in all the violent measures adopted for ridding himself for ever of the chagrins occasioned by a troublesome woman.

They began with sounding the Russian clergy. To no purpose were the bishops and archimandrites commanded to find, in the canon law, some cause for annulling Peter's marriage. They remained faithful to their duty, and declared to the favourite, that nothing but an arbitrary act of the czar could dissolve the nuptial tie which seemed so galling. Peter, however, deemed this step too bold, unless he could dazzle the world by at least the appearance of justice.

Eudoxia beheld the storm that was gathering over her head, and gave herself up for lost. The departure of the czar for the siege of Asof, seemed to dissipate the tempestuous clouds; for, in misunderstandings of this kind, delay is always advantageous ; but this was just the moment for which her enemy was waiting. He had no doubt, that he should succeed in accomplishing Eudoxia's ruin, when her downcast look should no longer melt Peter's heart to pity, and prevent him from heightening her affliction by still more severe mortifications. He availed himself with such address of this absence of the czar, as to prevail upon him to dispatch an order to Moscow, which might have been attended with dangerous consequences. Lefort's plan, however, was favoured by Ivan's death, in consequence of which Peter became the sole and absolute sovereign of the Russian empire. He therefore sent an ukase, by a courier, to the czar's uncle, Leo Narischkin, with an order to confine Eudoxia, without loss of time, in a convent, as the czar was determined not to quit his camp till his pleasure was fulfilled. Narischkin executed the command with trembling; for, on the least compunction, his own life would have been in danger. Thus was the unhappy Eudoxia precipitated from the throne, while the inhabitants of the populous metropolis uttered not a single murmur at so unusual a proceeding. In the convent of Satulski, thirty miles from Moscow, she was obliged to exchange the diadem for the veil, and to pronounce the fearful vow of the Basilian nuns, which devoted her to everlasting seclusion, that with floods of tears she might reflect on the instability of fortune, which had raised her by her charms to the throne, and made her too sensible heart the medium of plunging her into the dreary solitude of a monastic life.

(To be continued.)

ON THE HISTORY OF WOMEN.

By Augustus von Kotzebue.

When our great-grandmothers read Alexander's *History of Women*, they must certainly have shaken their heads many a good time. When we turn to the Greek and Roman writers, we very rarely find the sex represented in an advantageous light. Poets, orators, and historians vie with each other in discharging their satirical shafts at women. Homer, in his *Odyssey*, makes Agamemnon say, that there is nothing so wicked or so shameless as a woman. Agamemnon, to be sure, had very just reason for complaining of his own wife, for she was not only unfaithful to him while absent at the siege of Troy, but assassinated him on his return. What wonder then, that Agamemnon, in the region of the shades, should abuse the sex! This may be an excuse for Homer with the ladies. But we find the same bitterness against the sex in other writers who had no such motive. Jews, fathers of the church, and monks have treated women with truly cy-

nical asperity. One Severus, the founder of a sect, carried this impudence to such a height as to assert, that an evil spirit was the progenitor of women. But they fared like diamonds, which have sometimes been very higly prized and at others as little thought of, and which have no value at all with those who are unacquainted with their worth. The more polished and enlightened mankind became, the more the sex was esteemed. Poetry and history vied in proclaiming those praises which they so richly deserve. The author of the work above-mentioned, considers them in all the ranks and conditions of life; he treats of their education, their amusements, occupations, virtues and foibles, rights and privileges, toilets and marriage ceremonies. For three thousand years, says he, women were the subject of satires, till the system of chivalry arose, and with it a total revolution in the sentiments and feelings towards the fair sex, who were now almost represented as celestial beings; to maltreat them was sacrilege, to censure them blasphemy: and yet the age of chivalry was not the age of science. When the latter began at length to be blended with gallantry, writers were no longer content to enter the lists against those who presumed to satirize the women, but endeavoured to exalt the fair sex above the other, and to elevate the delights of love to the first rank among terrestrial enjoyments.

In the most ancient times, the poets celebrated only heroic achievements, or wealthy princes who gave them bread. In the age of chivalry, they began to dedicate their lyres to love and beauty, and soon indulged in the most extravagant hyperboles. They compared their mistresses not merely with the angels—these were far too mean—but with God himself, and even took care to place them a little above him. Boccaccio seriously makes the Almighty express his gratitude to the ladies for affording him such powerful assistance against his enemies. Petrarch likens his Laura to Jesus Christ. Another poet, who was at the same time a priest, declares, that he has no wish to go to heaven if he should not meet his mistress there. This was the tone in which not only the Troubadours sung and talked, but all the men of all ranks who were able to sing and talk. This was truly a golden age for the ladies.

Boccaccio seems to have been the first who wrote something besides poems in honour of the fair sex. He published a book in the Latin language *Concerning celebrated Women*, for which sacred and profane history and even fable itself were laid under contribution. He had a host of imitators. Francis Sordonati collected one hundred and twenty examples of celebrated females which had escaped his predecessor. This kind of books became fashionable; and, in a few years, there were more than twenty authors who sounded forth the praises of the sex. They did not confine themselves to the higher ranks; Fame descended with her trumpet to the very kitchens. Hilario da Costa, a monk, determined to surpass all that had gone before him. He wrote two quarto volumes, of 800 pages each, containing the eulogy of all females of the 15th and 16th

centuries who distinguished themselves by any talents or virtues. That the author was a monk, is apparent enough, for none but Catholics enjoy the honour of his panegyric. He bestows abundance of commendation on Queen Mary of England, but says not a word about her sister Elizabeth.

Hilario erected one hundred and sixty of these commemorative monuments. One Paul de Ribeira, however, left him far behind, for he produced a prodigious work, under the title of *Triumphs and Heroic Actions of Eight Hundred Women*. This fashion died away, like all other fashions, and all sorts of heretical opinions on women again crept in. Men pretended to consider them as mere instruments of their pleasure; they denied them all real sensibility, and guarded against being seriously captivated by them. In England, the depravity of the court of Charles II. infected the fair sex also, which began to be despised by the other. It again became the fashion to write against them. The Earl of Rochester set the example, and was followed by Pope, Swift, and many others. In later times they have been alternately praised and censured. Gottfried Schütze has written a very learned panegyric upon them; but 'tis a pity that there is so much Latin in it. Meiners' *History of the Female Sex* is well known, but not exactly adapted for general reading. Segur *Sur les Femmes*, on the contrary, is in every body's hands. The English book which has been already quoted is rather prolix, though the author never descends into minute details; his remarks are sensible, and in his style he maintains throughout a certain dignity. He occasionally enters into very interesting enquiries on all kinds of subjects, having a nearer or more distant relation to the history of women; as, for instance, on the origin of magic, and the use of diamonds and silks.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLII.

She who for wealth doth take a mate,
Will often curse the golden bait.——PRIOR.

If the evils which must result to social life, were ready facilities of divorce allowed in the marriage state, did not appear demonstrable to the slightest reflection, the many unhappy matches which present themselves to our daily observation, would justify the opinion of Fontenelle, that the law of indissolubility in wedded life is at once cruel and barbarous. He exercises his usual vivacity on the occasion, and mentions, with an expression of envy, that there is some country, though he forgets to name it, where the lover and his mistress do not marry till they have lived together during the probationary state of three years, the season allowed for proving the sympathy or congeniality of their characters. If after such a trial they are not found to agree, they are at liberty to go in search of other objects,

and to change their course of matrimonial experiment.

I do not mean to discuss this subject, indeed I have already precluded myself from the consideration of it, by my opinion, that it could not be admitted into any well regulated state of civil society. It must open such a door to profligacy, and give such a blow to those tender relations of life on which the harmony, and, consequently, the happiness of mankind appear to depend, that I cannot suppose Mr. Fontenelle's illustration to be founded on any authority. He found it in the treasury of his imagination, and there I shall leave it. Besides, being an old bachelor myself, it would be thought, particularly by the ladies, to be an unpardonable presumption in me, to attempt the consideration of a subject, of which I have hitherto proved myself unworthy; and of whose nature and circumstances I cannot be supposed to have a competent knowledge. Indeed, it is a letter which I am about to offer to the attention of my readers, whose complaints have drawn from me these preliminary observations.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

As you appear to be a man of genius, erudition, and knowledge of the world, you are certainly qualified to give me the necessary instructions how to relieve myself in my present dilemma, which arises from the laudable ambition I have ever entertained of being a woman of fashion, without meeting with the obstacles or suffering the mortifications which have hitherto interrupted or troubled my tonish career. But you shall be made acquainted with my history, and that will enable you to consider my situation, and suit your counsel to the peculiar and actual exigencies of it.

I was the eldest of six children, and my father, who was a country gentleman, resided altogether on his estate. I occasionally went to London to visit a distant relation, who lived in the fashionable circles; first, for the advantages of a superior education; and afterwards, to be initiated into that society of which my cousin formed a distinguished part. She was considered as a woman of the most elegant manners; nor was I long before I discovered the attractions which she possessed, and the advantage it would prove to me, could I attain them. The best example was before me; and I did not lose the opportunity of profiting by it. At seventeen my education was completed, and, not to mention my own opinion, which may be suspected of arising from a certain and not uncommon self-preference, I was generally thought to be perfectly accomplished, and continually received the admiration which exterior qualifications generally obtain. I understood French, and knew how to introduce those phrases in that language, which, in fashionable life, are supposed to enliven and give a spirit to our own. I had also improved my mind by reading the best French novels, and had stored my memory with striking sentiments and beautiful passages from such an elegant source of improvement. I had also a competent knowledge of Italian, sufficient at least to translate the

airs which I occasionally sung. I was an agreeable, rather than a fine player on the piano-forte; but my music and my voice seemed always to please, when I was called upon to add to the entertainment of a party. I also knew something of drawing, and could use my needle in the fashionable works of embroidery, &c.; but I did not possess a decided taste, either for the one or the other. Dancing was my favourite amusement, and that I danced *à merveille*, no one who ever saw me at a ball would venture to deny.

Such were what I call the accomplishments of my education; but I was not without a natural sagacity, which enabled me to make certain accessions of knowledge, which may be considered as the accomplishments of the world. To all the *etiquettes* of behaviour and manners, I added a considerable degree of taste in dress, and was often consulted as a critic in that important article of life. More, indeed, by observation than by practice, I had acquired an insight into the more fashionable games at cards; but I had observed, that a young woman at a card-table was a certain object of ridicule among the men; and as that was not a situation in which I was willing to be exposed, I left whist, lu, and cassino to the dowagers, and never ventured beyond a game of picquet, with a young man who had not the understanding to amuse me in any other way. I of course heard the chit-chat of the world, and did not fail to treasure up all that I heard. In short, I was an object of no small consideration in the circles with which I connected; and if my father had been blessed with fewer children, and my fortune had been proportionately increased, there is little doubt but I might have been allied to rank and title.

With no small portion of amusement, and some prospect of a fashionable settlement in the world, I passed my time very agreeably with my relation, with one solitary exception; which arose from my not being able to square my expences with the allowance my father thought proper to make me. In fact, it was not equal to the appearance, which it was necessary, without any extravagance on my part, to make in the circles in which I was seen. The idea of being in debt was unpleasant to me; and though my father never refused my applications, I always occasioned those remonstrances which mortified my pride, and a grave lecture or two when I returned home; where, besides, the habits of my town life disqualified me from enjoying the comforts of which every one seemed to be sensible but myself. I often heard my father and mother declare, that they would not suffer my sisters, who were some years younger than myself, to be educated in London. As to our family parties, I voted them *bores*; and visits from our more genteel neighbours gave me no pleasure, as the reception of them always appeared so awkward, and unlike any thing to which I had been accustomed. As for the generality of our acquaintance, however respectable they might be in their situations, I considered them as *quizzes*, and treated them accordingly.

Thus, Mr. Spectator, I existed, for life it could scarce be called, till I had reached my twentieth year, when Mr. Ledger, a wealthy merchant, and an East India director, who came to pass a month with his relation, a country squire in our neighbourhood, made proposals of marriage to me. My father, though he was pleased with, and rather encouraged his advances, did not interpose to influence my choice. He only desired me to reflect a little before I determined on a matter of so much importance; represented the nature of domestic happiness, and explained what he conceived to be the duties of the conjugal state. However, all I thought about the matter was the fortune of my lover, who certainly did not possess the *je ne sais quoi* which I had hitherto looked for in the person to whom I should give my heart. I had some time since taught myself to believe, that where there was money, happiness might be purchased; and that marriage might be rendered perfectly comfortable, though love should not be of the party. I felt no small delight in the reflection, that I should command fortune, and be my own mistress. I therefore complied without any particular coyness or hesitation, and Mr. Ledger conducted me to the altar.

It must be allowed that he was a well-tempered, generous, good sort of man; but he had been brought up in Mincing-lane; and though, on our marriage, he took a very handsome house in Bedford-square, he brought a larger portion of city habits along with him, than suited my notions of fashionable life. He had no ideas, or, at least, very false ones, of the *ton;* and we soon began to engage in a warfare for appearance. I never considered the precise propriety, or real pleasure, of what I was to do, but whether it was consistent with the received notions of fashionable usage and elegance. On the contrary, my good husband was so perverse as to think of nothing but what he called comforts, while his friends were, as he described them, and, I doubt not, very justly, as the most worthy men in the world; while I could only say, that, with all their excellence, they were the most stupid people in existence. To many of his whims, however, I found myself obliged to submit: he always dined at four; and expected that I should accompany him to his villa from Saturday till Monday, and sometimes till Tuesday morning. I cannot say, but it was rather an elegant spot, and in a genteel neighbourhood, but then it deprived me of the Saturday opera and Lady M———'s Sunday music.

During the first year, however, our bickerings were not very frequent, and never very violent; and our first set out was certainly very handsome, and I should have been more than unreasonable to have complained. But afterwards it was *tout au contraire.* He would not sport new liveries as often as I required them; neither would he accommodate his carriages or the furniture of his houses to the variable fancies of varying fashion. He wrangled about paying my milliners' bills; and whenever I appeared in full dress and equipment for some showy fête, to which

I had been invited, he always repeated two Latin words, which, I believe, Heaven bless him! were the only ones with which he was acquainted. They were, *simplex munditiis*, which my man-midwife rendered—" Keep yourself clean, and the Devil take the finery." Thus we proceeded, sometimes in humour, and sometimes out of humour. I contrived, nevertheless, to keep up my character by occasional parties, which I knew how to make very pleasant to those who frequented them; and as I chose his birth-day for my grand ball, he knew not how to oppose it; and, I must own, never appeared to grudge the expences of it.

At length, after a ten years union, he became the victim of a violent fever; and I found myself in possession of two thousand a year for my life, and a legacy of five thousand pounds. The rest of his large fortune was settled upon his two boys. I now felt myself at liberty to follow my own inclinations. Accordingly, when I laid aside my weeds, I established myself at the west end of the town, where I have constantly resided five years, with the exception of three months at some watering-place during the summer. Nevertheless, I have not been happy. I have had the society I chose; I have enjoyed the pleasures I preferred; and though I had my satisfactions, they have been of that feverish nature, as to leave debility and languor behind them. My attention to the variations of fashion has been always the source of anxiety, and often embittered by mortification. The dissipated life which I have led has affected my health, and, as my glass tells, irresistibly tells me, my beauty is gone. I assist it with all the practical skill which long experience has given me, but I do not succeed; and the smart men, who used to hover about and amuse me, have found new faces, and appear to turn from mine. I begin to find that all the dear creatures whom I thought my best friends, have no lasting principle of attachment, and if I were to cease from entertaining them, would not think a moment more about me. I have read of true and disinterested friendship, but I do not believe that such a thing exists in the world. I soon, indeed, contrived to shake off my late husband's friends, who, however, have never appeared to express the least regret at my neglect of them. Of my own family I have seen but little since I married; but have preserved a correspondence with my father, who has been a widower for some time. One of my sisters lives with him; the other two are suitably married in the country, and are fond of their husbands. They train up their children with care, manage their families with prudence, are sociable with their neighbours, and are charitable to the poor; while, in their gardens, woods, and rural occupations, they find health and enjoy contentment. One of my brothers is a clergyman, with comfortable preferment, and is highly respected in his parish and neighbourhood. All this tells very prettily, and may be very happy; but would such society suit me? Besides, my elder brother, having too much spirit to be a country squire, went some years

ago to the East Indies, and is expected home. As he will probably bring a good fortune with him, he may put himself under my care, as to his appearance in life; and in that expectation I rest my present hopes. I had forgotten to tell you one of my principal grievances, and which is the subject of frequent annoyance to me. I am fifteen hundred pounds in debt. I ventured to explain this circumstance to my father, who immediately engaged to extricate me from my difficulties, if I would give up my house in town, and pass twelve months with him in the country!!!

Now, Mr. Spectator, what I want you to do for me is this: to favour me with some fixed plan, that may make me respected as a woman of fashion, without being miserable, and enable me to recover my health and fortune, without being despised in town, or passing twelve months with papa in the country.

I am, with great respect, your sincere admirer,

LUCY LEDGER.

UPPER BROOK-STREET,
GROSVENOR-SQUARE.

THE HEROISM OF FILIAL PIETY.

GROWN grey in the military profession, the Count de Montreal thought that he might justly aspire to honourable repose: but what scenes was he destined to witness in his old age! The throne was overturned; terror reigned from one extremity of France to the other. The count was descended from a family which had given heroes to the state; he had distinguished himself by the important services which he had rendered: he was still more revered for his private virtues, beloved by the army and by the people—but all these claims to respect were so many crimes in the eyes of the tyrants. His family, aware that the latter could not sacrifice a nobler victim, contrived to remove him out of their power, at the very moment when his name was entered upon the lists of the proscribed. The old warrior would have awaited the axe of the executioner with the same courage with which he had a hundred times confronted death in the field of battle; but to save his children, he consented to flee. Octavius and Emmeline were his pride and his happiness; he retired with them to an obscure habitation, situated at a small distance from a town near the Rhine. There, under an assumed name, he hoped to be able to await unmolested the conclusion of the troubles, or to find without difficulty an asylum beyond the river, if they should extend to his humble abode.

The Count de Montreal soon had but too good reason to congratulate himself on the prudence of the new plan of life which he had adopted. Not a letter, not a newspaper arrived, without informing him of the deplorable fate of some relative or friend. He trembled for his children, whilst their hearts felt no uneasiness, except upon his account. Convinced that the mere name of their venerable parent could not be pronounced without

instantly becoming his death-warrant, their affection was incessantly studying how to heighten the obscurity which encompassed his retreat.

But while thus anxious for their father's safety, they were perhaps not sufficiently attentive to their own. They often walked out into the little wood which surrounded their house. In these moments of liberty, they indulged in those reflections and effusions from which they cautiously abstained in the presence of the count, lest they should aggravate the griefs which he endeavoured to conceal from them. One evening, seated at the foot of a tree on the skirt of the wood, they surveyed the current of the Rhine, tinged by the rays of the setting sun. "Do you see," said Emmeline to her brother, "do you see those vine-covered hills on the opposite shore? Methinks I hear strains of joy proceeding from them. On this side what a sullen silence! Is it possible, that the mere breadth of this river can make such a cruel difference between the lot of those who inhabit its banks? When I consider that a single moment would carry us beyond that simple barrier, and figure to myself all three of us in security on the other side——My father, I know, considers it as his duty to continue on this bank, to preserve his possessions for us; but what avail fortune and wealth, if we are not at liberty to think, to act, to feel, if, in short, we must hide ourselves, to love one another?" Not less affected than his sister by these delicious images of liberty and happiness, Octavius promised that the very next morning he would join her to entreat their father no longer to oppose the realization of them.

At the moment when they were rising to return home, Emmeline hastily grasped the arm of her brother, and called his attention to a detachment of armed men, crossing the plain, and apparently advancing towards the wood. Octavius, without manifesting any alarm, turned into the alley which led to the house; but he had scarcely proceeded twenty paces, when soldiers, with fixed bayonets, rushed out upon him from the thickets on the right and left. They demanded his papers—he had none. They seized and began to drag him away. From their coarse jokes he soon perceived that they looked upon Emmeline in a very different light from that of his sister, and he did not care to inform them of their mistake. But though unarmed, the dignity of his countenance was sufficient to protect the young lady from insult; while she, pale and trembling, hid her face in her brother's bosom. Octavius soon discovered that they took him for one of the banditti, who just at that time were ravaging the province; and he farther learned, that they were going to escort him to the prison of the nearest town. Happy, under his misfortune, on account of this double mistake, which at least satisfied him respecting his father's safety, he pressed the hand of Emmeline, and found, by the return which he received, as well as by her look, that they understood one another. They reached the town; the people crowded round them: the youth, the beauty, the innocent look of Emmeline excited

general interest. At the turning of a narrow street, the escort was obliged to open its ranks. Octavius, more anxious about his sister than himself, took advantage of the circumstance, pushed her with force against a group of women, which immediately opened, and again closed around her. In the twinkling of an eye, her hat was snatched from her head, and one of the large black mantles commonly worn in that part of the country, thrown over her in its stead. The darkness favoured her escape; guided by one of her female deliverers, and in the disguise of a village girl, she left the town, and flew back to her father.

It is impossible to conceive the uneasiness experienced by that affectionate parent, from the hour at which his children had been accustomed to return home. Emmeline, throwing herself into his arms with a feigned joy, related, that, through a most extraordinary mistake, her brother had been apprehended as a captain of banditti: "but," added she, with a forced smile, "when they find themselves deceived, they will soon send him back again to us, depend upon it. Octavius himself desired me not to forget to tell you so." The count affected to have as little doubt about the matter as Emmeline; and thus, from the suggestion of mutual tenderness, both the father and daughter strove to practise an innocent deception upon one another. Listening only to the dictates of paternal love, the unhappy old man was on the point of quitting his retreat to claim his son. Emmeline, however, exerted all the power of her caresses and of her tears, to divert him from so imprudent a resolution; she declared, with a spirit above her age and sex, that she would go and ascertain what had befallen Octavius. Accordingly, and without stopping to take any rest, attired in her peasant's dress, she sallied forth to the town, and enquired her way to the prison. She arrived before the terrific gate; at sight of the iron bars and of the centinels, her heart throbbed; she could scarcely stand, and was incapable of uttering a word. The gaoler's wife suddenly appeared: her open countenance somewhat revived the spirits of the poor girl, who timidly went up to her, and, with a curtsey, offered a basket of fruit which she carried on her arm. Her appearance and manner prepossessed the woman in her favour. "What do you want, my lass?" said she.—"Ah! madam," replied Emmeline, "I should be glad to know something about a ..... a gentleman who was to be brought here last night."—"A gentleman, heh! why, aye, one of the robbers, who plunder the whole country."—"Oh! no, indeed, the one I mean is a very honest man: he is my..... my....my cousin." The gaoler's wife could not help smiling. "Come along, my poor girl," said she, "while my husband is out of the way, I'll let you see your cousin, but make haste." Emmeline could have hugged the good woman; she followed her, and as soon as she perceived Octavius, ran and threw herself into his arms. The gaoler's wife again smiled, and left them together.

"My dear Emmeline," said Octavius, "I have but a moment to concert with you how to save our

father's life, therefore listen to me attentively. On my arrival in this dreary place, I found that I was preceded by a report, that the leader of a numerous band of robbers, whose principal members were already taken, had just been apprehended. Being surrounded and minutely examined by these banditti, they all saluted me aloud as their captain. I began to explain their mistake, but repeated signs warned me that I had best be silent. You know whether I have not other motives to induce me to be so. As soon as I could desire an explanation of the strange honour that had been thrust upon me, I found that my silence, taken for consent, would, by deluding justice, save the leader whom its officers were in quest of; and lastly, I was assured, that, in return for so signal a service, I should be the first released by the joint efforts of the whole band. Return then to our dear father, and keep up his spirits till I come back to you once more." At these words the gaoler's wife came to apprize Emmeline, that it was time to retire; and she departed with a lighter heart, under the idea that she might next day perhaps be able to see her brother again.

But what a thunderbolt was it for her when she learned, on the morrow, from the lips of her protectress herself, that no person whatever was allowed to see the prisoners, and that their captain was more closely confined than the rest. She had scarcely strength to return home. It was absolutely necessary for her to muster up the difficult courage of disguising the truth from her father, and of filling his heart with cheering hopes, when her own was rent by the keenest anguish. Several visits to the town, questions repeated even to imprudence, served only to convince her, that farther attempts would infallibly draw down destruction on two objects whose safety engaged all her thoughts.

Meanwhile the trials of the robbers commenced. Octavius persisted in his magnanimous imposture. The court exercised all the rigour of the laws against the criminals; but, as no proof of murder was brought against their supposed chief, he could not be doomed to the scaffold. The sentence pronounced upon him was, to be imprisoned for life and branded. At this dreadful idea, Octavius's courage began to fail; he was on the point of discovering himself, when the sudden recollection darted across his mind, that the mere mention of his name would be a a death-warrant to his father. He accordingly submitted to the execution of the horrid sentence.

Some days afterwards the convicts were marched off for the fortress where they were destined to be employed in the public works. As they passed through a forest, the guards were attacked and put to flight, and the prisoners released. Octavius flew to his father. While the old man pressed him to his bosom, the hero of filial piety, in the feelings of the ignominy which he had undergone for his sake, could not forbear asking himself, if he was still worthy of the author of his existence?

The extent of his misfortune was known to none but himself. In the absolute seclusion in which Emmeline and the old count had thought

it prudent to live, since the fatal moment which parted Octavius from them, they had scarcely heard even a rumour of the fate of the culprits with whom chance had so singularly associated him. They therefore gave full scope to their joy on seeing him again. Emmeline was still more pleased when she heard him conjure his father to remove, without delay, to the other bank of the Rhine. Besides the wish to ensure the safety of all that was dear to him, the unfortunate youth was secretly swayed by another motive, which he took good care not to divulge. An inward voice whispered incessantly, that the son of the Count de Montreal, branded with the mark of infamy, however undeservedly, ought not to allow himself to live. The war presented the means of fulfilling a resolution which no human affection had power to shake. A few days were sufficient to fix his father in a town of Germany. He consigned him to the care of Emmeline, and hastened to enrol himself in a corps of volunteers. The extraordinary valour displayed by him in many engagements, attracted the notice of his superiors. Escaping, in spite of his wishes, from every danger, and surviving all his brother officers, he was promoted, at the conclusion of the second campaign to the rank of colonel, and honoured with the decoration of the brave. The head-quarters were fixed in the very town where the count and Emmeline resided; and he flew to their embraces. Though nothing was capable of attaching him to life, yet, while he lived, his heart could not dispense with their affection.

Plunged, even in the midst of the great world, into an habitual melancholy, he felt no relief for his woes but in the society of his sister. A perfect conformity of character had closely connected her with a young lady of her own age. Amelia von Selnitz thought herself obliged, out of regard for her friend, at first to love Octavius as a brother. She soon loved him, as, she figured to herself, a wife ought to love a husband when he is handsome, intelligent, and affectionate. Octavius was not so complete a misanthrope as not to perceive that Amelia was equally beautiful and accomplished; but was it not a profanation in his own eyes, to think, for a moment, of an union from which he was for ever cut off, by the terrible sentence he had pronounced upon himself? Amelia, listening, without fear, to the suggestions of her ingenuous soul, was, on her part, engaged in very different calculations from those of Octavius. She made no scruple to acknowledge to her young friend, that she should have attained the summit of her wishes, if she were united to her by still closer ties. Emmeline hastened to acquaint her brother with a circumstance which filled her own bosom with such intoxicating delight. But how great was her surprise! he grew pale, shuddered, and turned away his face, while burning tears trickled down his cheeks. Emmeline, alarmed and trembling, mingled her tears with his: she begged, she conjured him to open his heart to her. Affection finally triumphed over the obstinacy of her unhappy brother, and the fatal secret at length passed his lips.

He imagined that his story would have overwhelmed his sister with confusion and horror: he beheld her, on the contrary, animated with the warmest enthusiasm. The exaltation of her soul was transfused into her language; and, in a few words, she proved to Octavius, that what he considered as a mark of dishonour, he ought, in fact, to look upon as his best title to glory. "Did it not require," cried she, "a hundred times as much courage to save your father, at this price, as to seek a glorious death on the field of battle?" She forced him to confess, what he had not yet acknowledged to himself, that he adored Amelia; that her hand would restore him to peace and happiness, but that he should never have the courage to reveal to her the horrid mystery which embittered his existence. Emmeline endeavoured to convince him that his honour did not oblige him to disclose it; she even made him give her a solemn assurance, that it should be for ever buried in their two breasts only; and love powerfully seconded her efforts.

Endowed with that candour which forms one of the principal charms of the females of Germany, Amelia herself communicated to her father the wishes of her heart. The family of the young Count de Montreal, his rank, his military renown, appeared to the Baron von Selnitz a sufficient compensation for the fortune which he had lost, and he gave his consent to the ardently desired union.

Scarcely had Octavius begun to taste its pleasures, when hostilities were suddenly resumed with new fury. The enemy was but a single march from head-quarters. A sanguinary engagement ensued: Octavius displayed his accustomed intrepidity, but received a dangerous wound, and was carried back to the town. Amelia would not suffer him to have any other nurse than herself. One morning, after a night passed in violent pain, Octavius fell asleep, but his slumbers were extremely restless. Amelia anxiously watched him: by a violent motion, one of his shoulders became uncovered. The mark of ignominy caught her view; she started, drew nearer, assured herself that her eyes had not deceived her, and sunk, bereft of strength, upon her knees, beside the bed of Octavius. He awoke: several times he had surprised Amelia in that attitude praying for his recovery. He held out his hand to her with a tender smile; she threw herself into his arms, and bathed his bosom with her tears.

Ever since this unwelcome discovery, death seemed to be imprinted on all the features of the unfortunate Amelia. Melancholy and silent, she passed whole days with Octavius. If he questioned her concerning the declining state in which she appeared, he obtained but a few incoherent words in reply, and sometimes nothing but sighs and sobs. Emmeline, greatly alarmed at her situation, endeavoured, as well as her brother, to ascertain the cause. Her entreaties and caresses at length prevailed, and she drew from her friend the fatal secret. Emmeline gave her a faithful account of all the circumstances connected with the terrible event. "I alone am to blame," cried she; "it was I who

made my unfortunate brother promise to keep the matter an everlasting secret: forgive me for having for a moment doubted ...."

Amelia did not suffer her to proceed. Her face beaming with joy, she led her friend to the bed of her brother. "Dear and generous Octavius," said she, grasping his hand, "till this day I loved you as the first man for whom my heart felt a preference; henceforth that sentiment will be mingled with admiration and respect for the noblest, the most magnanimous of mortals."—"From this day too," replied Octavius, "I shall be completely happy, since I have now no secret that you are unacquainted with. One favour, however, I have to request, and that is, that my father may never be informed of what I have suffered for him."

ACCOUNT OF SCHMITZ, THE GERMAN ENGRAVER.

Towards the latter part of the last century, Professor Krähe held the post of superintendent of the picture-gallery of the Elector Palatine at Dusseldorf. One day, a young journeyman baker of that town called upon him; and after a short preamble, took a book from his pocket, intimating, that he wished to sell it to him. The professor opened the volume, and found that it was a prayer-book, adorned, after the fashion of the superstitious ages, with a great number of miniatures and designs; and after a close examination, he perceived it was the same as that which Clement Augustus of Bavaria, Elector of Cologne (elected in 1723), had ordered to be published, and copies of which had then become very rare and dear. The first question he asked the young man was, how he had come by the book? His visitor, blushing, replied, that it was only a copy made by a person who had borrowed the original. "And who made this copy?" enquired Mr. Krähe. "I did," replied the modest baker. The professor began to examine the book again, with still greater attention; and yet, in spite of all his skill, he could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. He could no longer suppress his astonishment, and asked the youth why he had not rather chosen the profession of an engraver than the trade of a baker. "That," replied he, "was the most ardent wish of my heart; but my father, having a numerous family to provide for, could not defray the expence of an education suitable for an engraver. "I have resolved," he continued, "to apply myself to that art, but as my father cannot do any thing for me, and I heard of your passion for the arts, I formed a hope that you might perhaps purchase my copy, and thus enable me to make a beginning. I have no doubt, that, with industry and good fortune, I should get forward in time."—"Come to-morrow, my friend," said Mr. Krähe; "don't fail to come," he repeated, with an energy expressive at once of his pleasure and admiration.

Very early the next morning the good professor went to a friend residing at Kayserswerth, a small town a few miles from Dusseldorf,

of which his young *protégé* was a native. This friend was enabled by his fortune to do good, and he did not want the inclination. Krähe related to him what had passed the preceding day, expatiated on the rare dispositions of the youth, and requested him to lend this rising artist two hundred dollars. "He will, without doubt, become a distinguished engraver," added he, "and will, in a few years, be able to repay you, and, besides, I will myself be security."—"I want no security," warmly rejoined his generous friend; "there are three hundred dollars for you."

Krähe returned to crown the wishes of his new and interesting acquaintance, who received the money with transports of the most lively enthusiasm. He immediately quitted the oven and the peel, studied geometry, applied himself to drawing, and soon acquired a competent fund of historical information.

By two years assiduous application, he made such a rapid progress, that the professor advised him to leave Dusseldorf, where he could not hope to enlarge his professional knowledge, and to repair to Paris, promising to give him letters of recommendation to Mr. Wille, a celebrated engraver of that capital.

Schmitz, for so the young artist was named, followed the advice of his worthy patron, and, to husband his little stock of money as much as possible, he performed the journey from Dusseldorf to Paris on foot. As ill luck would have it, he fell sick as soon as he had reached that city; and though he found an asylum in a convent, into which he was received with the greatest hospitality, and where he was treated with the utmost attention, yet the incidental expences to which he was subjected by his illness, which was very long, completely exhausted his pecuniary resources.

On his recovery, a feeling of that delicate self-love, which so frequently accompanies real genius, prevented him from calling upon Wille, to whom he could but have appeared a disgusting picture of indigence. One day as, sorrowfully meditating on his situation, he was wandering up and down the streets, he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guard, one of whom thus accosted him:—"Young man, are you not a German?"—"Yes."—"From what place?"—"From Kayserswerth, near Dusseldorf."—"Why, you are my countryman! What are you doing here?" Schmitz related his history, which he finished with observing, that a long illness had occasioned him the loss of a great deal of time, and robbed him of his little stock of money, but yet he could not bear the idea of being chargeable to any person. The soldiers, pitying his condition, advised him to enlist with them, assuring him that their duty was not hard, and would leave him sufficient leisure to follow the bent of his genius. Schmitz accepted the proposal, was conducted to a captain of the regiment, enrolled for four years, and soon afterwards introduced by his captain himself to Mr. Wille. He obtained permission to prosecute the study of engraving under the direction of that eminent artist, in all the leisure time that the nature of the service would allow him; and thus

continued for four years, at the expiration of which he received his discharge.

To perfect himself as much as possible, he remained two years longer at Paris, and exerted all his diligence to overcome by new efforts all the difficulties of his art. At the end of these two years he returned home, furnished with the best attestations of his talents, industry, and morality.

His kind patron, Krähe, received him with open arms, was delighted with his progress, and employed him in works for the cabinet which he superintended. Schmitz continued for two years to work under the inspection of the professor, always conducting himself in such a manner as to gain more and more the affection of his worthy employer.

One day the latter invited our artist to a dinner, at which several of the professor's friends were to be present. In the midst of this jovial company Schmitz made himself extremely happy, till all at once he learned that the entertainment was given in honour of a stranger; and that this stranger was no other than the happy mortal destined to be the husband of the professor's youngest daughter, a female beautiful in his eyes as an angel, and sensible as Minerva. Thunderstruck by this intimation, Schmitz thought of nothing but how to make a speedy retreat, which he actually effected as soon as he decently could, leaving the guests to sing and be as merry as they pleased.

Next morning he returned to the cabinet in deep dejection, and with the most sorrowful countenance. This sudden change was remarked by his benefactor, who urged him to communicate the cause. Schmitz, with a tremulous voice and an agitation which rendered it almost inarticulate, acknowledged how cruelly he had been disappointed in having conceived so violent a passion for a lady who was shortly to be consigned to the arms of another. "Have you acquainted my daughter with the whole extent of your affection?" asked the father. "Never," replied the noble-minded young man, "never have I opened my lips to her on the subject. How could I, who have neither titles, fortune, nor any pretensions whatever, have the presumption to talk of love to the daughter of my friend, my patron, my benefactor? It was enough for me that I could see her; I kept watch incessantly over my conduct to avoid all suspicion....and now I learn, that in a short time I am to be deprived of the only happiness to which I durst venture to aspire."

The good professor, deeply affected himself, did all he could to comfort Schmitz, and to cheer his spirits. He assured him of his warmest friendship, declared that he loved him as his own child, but at the same time earnestly exhorted him to stifle his love for Henrietta, hinting at the impropriety, especially under the present circumstances, of continuing to harbour such a passion.

Schmitz admitted the justice of these representations, and promised to obey; but the shock was too violent for his constitution; he fell sick, and was upwards of four months in imminent danger. Mr. Krähe paid him all imaginable attention, and administered all the

consolation in his power, but in their interviews never did the name of Henrietta escape his lips. Meanwhile the melancholy situation of this victim of the most discreet passion could not remain unknown to her who was the innocent cause of it: she pitied him from her heart, but though pity is nearly akin to love, duty and honour steadily upheld the barrier by which they were separated.

While this was passing, the bridegroom returned to his friends, and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his letters, that he was endeavouring to find pretexts for breaking off the projected match, though he durst not clearly express his sentiments on the subject. Henrietta, however, guessed his meaning, gave him full liberty to follow his inclinations, and released him for ever from his promise. The answer was such as had been anticipated. Her self-love was rather piqued at the facility with which her intended had renounced her; but her thoughts soon turned to the delicacy and sufferings of Schmitz, and her compassion was gradually transformed into attachment. She had then no hesitation to address her father. "I know," said she, "that you always wished to have Schmitz for a son-in-law; all obstacles are removed; inform him, that Henrietta consents to be his, if she can still contribute to his happiness."

The father, overjoyed at this intimation, acquainted the enamoured Schmitz with his daughter's dispositions. This good news had well nigh proved too powerful for the latter: but at length he came to himself again, and his constant protector seizing his hand, conducted him to the feet of the worthy object of his passion. He recovered his reason and his strength while passing the evening in the society of his beloved Henrietta.

Let the reader conceive, if he can, the surprise of the whole family, when the following morning intelligence arrived, that this model of lovers had left the town in a coach and four, carrying with him all his plates and drawings. What a thunderbolt to the kind-hearted Krähe! what a mortification to the gentle Henrietta!

Satisfied that this freak could be no other than the act of a deranged understanding, they soon began to dread the return of the fugitive as much as they had deplored his departure. They received no news from him to dispel their apprehensions: at length, on the ninth day, he returned from Münich, with an order to the treasurer of the palatinate to pay him the sum of 600 florins per annum. He had gone and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine; informed him of his passion and his situation, and produced the certificates of his good conduct and the proofs of his talents. His highness, deeply affected, granted him the above-mentioned pension. "Ah! prince," exclaimed the tender-hearted Schmitz, rising, "I shall now be more worthy of Henrietta."

These particulars are extracted from a German work of considerable estimation, entitled, *Museum for Artists and Amateurs.* The circumstances themselves happened between the years 1770 and 1782.

PLATE 12.—TRANSPARENCY EXHIBITED AT ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS, IN CELEBRATION OF THE PEACE, 1814.

THIS transparency, nearly 30 feet high, was so designed as to form one whole, the border being made up of trophies appropriate to the subject. The lower compartment represented the seven Christian and Cardinal Virtues, of the size of life, beneath arches, copied from the celebrated pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the magnificent window of New College, Oxford. Above those arches were the royal arms of England, with the caduceus of Mercury on each side, grouping with the standards of England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Holland, the powers who have united in bringing about this glorious peace. The entablature, supported by female Caryatides, was enriched with dolphins, scallop-shells, and the trident of Neptune; and at each end were altars, which, during the nights of illumination, burned with a pure ethereal flame. The upper compartment represented the Temple of Peace, supported by four palm-trees; the goddess herself standing upon a globe in the centre, bearing in each hand a white flag. The word REGENT was inscribed in large letters on the front of the temple, the canopy of which was surmounted with the Prince's feathers. The whole was brilliantly illuminated with carbonic gas.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE art of engraving in mezzotinto, which is said to have been accidentally discovered by Prince Rupert about the year 1650, by observing the regularity of texture which the barrel of a gun exhibited by corrosion, was introduced into England by him. He practised that art for his amusement, and some prints by his hand are yet to be seen in the collection of many persons of taste. His print from a painting of Spagnoletto is dated 1658. From this period mezzotinto engraving has been practised here with various success, until at length it has attained the highest excellence. This style of engraving is particularly suited to the character of the British school of painting, in which mellowness of colouring is so admirably united with a bold *chiaro oscuro*. The fine imitations of the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, produced by Faber, Valentine Green, Smith, the Wards, and others, have spread to foreign nations the reputation of our illustrious portrait-painter, and purchased a just degree of fame for themselves; for the *chiaro oscuro* of painting is perhaps more closely imitated by this mode of engraving than any other. Among the first productions of this art, must be numbered the works of Mr. Say. A large print lately published by this artist, of *The Beggar Boys*, from the celebrated picture by Murillo, in the collection

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of the late Mr. Desenfans, is an exquisite performance, as it conveys the entire spirit, character, and feeling of the original. This and other subjects engraved by his hand, particularly *The Cottage Girl*, from Rembrandt, form splendid prints for the port-folio, or for the decoration of our walls.

Mr. Say has, at present, in an advanced state, engravings of the *Duke of Wellington* and *Prince Platoff*, from the pictures by Mr. Phillips; and of *Warren Hastings, Esq.* from the portrait painted by Mr. Lawrence.

Mr Scott has just produced a very tasteful and masterly engraving, in the line manner, from a miniature painted by Mr. A. Chalon; the subject, an infant sitting upon a cushion with her hand upon the head of a shock dog. Mr. Scott's unrivalled excellence as an engraver of animals, has long been acknowledged. From works recently seen from his graver, copied from subjects of the human figure, his reputation will acquire no inconsiderable accession: for versatility of talent, united with skill in various departments, is rarely to be found in the same person, professor of any art or science. This print is dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess of Cholmondely. It is entitled *Infancy.*

The Exile, a Russian poem, written in England, and translated from the original MS. of the author, who fell in the battle before Dresden, with the anecdotes on which the poem is founded, is now in the press and will shortly appear. This novelty in literature is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.

A complete Digest of the Custom Laws, compiled by N. Jickling, Esq. barrister at law, for the use of the Lords of the Treasury, in one large volume royal 4to. is in the press. It will occupy above a thousand closely printed pages, and will be published towards the close of the year.

A short Excursion in France, 1814, will be ready in a few days. It contains engravings of the Venus de Medicis and Apollo Belvidere, which have been pronounced by Mr. West and Mr. Fuseli, faultless copies.

From experiments made a few years since in the East Indies, it was generally believed, that copious bleeding would not fail to have a powerful effect in hydrophobia; but some late cases of that dreadful affliction seem to favour a contrary opinion. One of these occurred at Portsmouth, where the son of a waterman, aged 13 years, was bitten in the cheek on the 25th of March, and did not begin to complain till the 13th of May. The paroxysms of the disorder were extremely violent, and he was copiously bled without any good effect. A second case occurred, in July, in the Casualty Hospital at Bath. The subject, a boy about five years old, was bitten about three weeks before the disease manifested itself. No precaution had meanwhile been used, as it was not suspected that the dog was rabid. Copious bleeding was resorted to, but to no purpose, the child dying within three days from the first attack.—Bleeding has not been attended

with the success that was expected in India, where that practice originated. The son of Mr. Leonard, master of the Mission school at Calcutta, was, in October last, bitten by a lap-dog: the wound was for some kept open with caustic, and then healed. Symptoms of hydrophobia, however, appeared about three days before his death, and although recourse was had to bleeding, he fell a sacrifice to the fury of the disorder. The fatality of these melancholy accidents must render it peculiarly desirable, that some specific, capable of universal application, may be made public. Mr. William Hartwell, of the parish of Odell, in the county of Bedford, states, in a public advertisement, that he is in possession of a recipe for the cure of the hydrophobia, which has been transmitted from father to son for a long series of years, and has been administered with invariable success in the north of Bedfordshire, and the adjacent parts of Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire:—that it is infallible in the human species and cattle of all descriptions; indeed it has never been known to fail, if taken in due time. He mentions numerous cases in proof of the infallibility of his medicine, and assures us, that many of the persons enumerated, have requested him to make public use of their names. In a matter of such universal interest, we would suggest the appointment of a committee of medical gentlemen, to investigate the justice of Mr. Hartwell's claims, and in case of their being established, the propriety of a remuneration from the legislature, on condition of his making known his recipe for the benefit of the public.

In the neighbourhood of Highgate resides a married woman, aged 35 years, the whole of whose body is exactly divided by a straight line into white and black. The right side, arm, and leg are black, and subject to eruptions; and the left side, arm, and leg altogether white. This distinction terminates at the neck, which, with her face, is white. She has two children, who have no such peculiarity, for which her mother, though an ignorant woman, does not attempt to account in the usual marvellous way.

Some years since a specific for the gout was introduced into this country from France, under the name of *Eau Medicinale d'Husson*, which excited considerable discussion among the members of the medical profession. Its effects were universally acknowledged to be very powerful, though in some instances much more dangerous than the disease which it was designed to remove. Mr. Want, surgeon to the Northern Dispensary, North Crescent, Bedford-square, states, that two years ago he discovered the composition of a medicine which possesses the power of removing the paroxysm of gout in a degree fully equal to the *Eau Medicinale.* This consists of the fresh sliced root of the *Colchicum autumnale*, or meadow saffron, in proof spirits of wine, sherry, or Lisbon, in the proportion of four ounces of the former to eight of the latter. A recent infusion of the fresh or dried root in water is equally efficacious. The dose of the tincture,

whether made with water, wine, or spirit, should be two drams, or two ordinary teaspoonfuls, for an adult, and vary according to the constitution of the patient. Mr. Want assures us, that his experiments, made in at least forty cases, have been followed by the most satisfactory results, the paroxysms being always removed, and in several instances no return of the disease having taken place after an interval of several months.

Literature and the sciences have been cultivated in Poland, notwithstanding the late inauspicious state of affairs. Count Sierakowsky has published at Cracow a magnificent work on architecture, in two folio volumes, one of which is filled with plates. It is written in the Polish language, and is thus spoken of by the native critics: —Architecture has been studied by various Polish authors, but none of their works has been brought to a conclusion, because the printing of them has been invariably interrupted by the misfortunes of the country. A short time before the last partition of the kingdom, Count Stanislaus Potocki had formed an Architectural Society, with a view to the publication of a work on architecture, and of this society Count Sierakowsky was a member; but on that event the project was abandoned, and the society dissolved. The latter nobleman, however, continued singly to collect materials, and his work, the result of twelve years labour, is published at his own expence. It is divided into three parts; the first of which treats of beauty, the second of convenience, and the third of the construction of buildings public and private. The author having formed his taste in Italy, has introduced into the volume of plates, representations of the finest buildings in the city of Rome. In short, the work embraces every department of architecture, from the cottage to the palace, and from the cistern and the ice-house to the aqueduct.

Mr. Samuel Witter, of Dublin, desirous of witnessing the progressive effects of carbonic oxide, when freely respired, with a view to comparative analogy in reference to nitrous oxide, lately made an experiment, which had nearly proved fatal to him, in the laboratory of the Dublin Society. Mr. Wharmby, assistant to Professor Higgins, having carefully prepared a considerable quantity of the gas, first noticed some points of resemblance between it and nitrous oxide, particularly the remarkable sweetish taste; and having made two or three inspirations, was seized with a convulsive tremor and giddiness, that nearly overpowered sensibility. These violent effects were but transient, though considerable headach, languor, and debility remained for many hours afterwards. Mr. Witter having first exhausted his lungs of common air as completely as possible, next made three or four inspirations of the gas, and immediately fell upon the floor senseless, and indeed apparently lifeless, pulsation being nearly extinct. Various means were in vain employed for his recovery by several medical gentlemen who happened to be at hand: at length the introduction of oxygen gas by compression into the lungs, was suggested and tried. A rapid return

of animation ensued, accompanied, however, by convulsive agitations, excessive headach, and quick irregular pulsation. For some time after mental recovery, total blindness, extreme sickness, and vertigo, with alternations of heat and shivering cold, were painfully experienced, and succeeded by an unconquerable propensity to sleep, which was broken and feverish. An emetic of tartarised antimony removed these symptoms, and the only unpleasant effects felt the following day were those of the fall. Though this alarming accident prevented the observation of the phenomena which was the object of the experiment, yet, from its results, we may fairly deduce, with Mr. Witter, that oxygen gas would prove highly efficacious in cases of suspended animation, produced by carbonic acid, choke-damps, and other suffocating gases.

Mr. Sadler has given the following account of his ascent from Burlington Gardens on the 15th of July:—"After clearing the east wing of Burlington House, the ascent was slow, and it was evidenced to me and my son only by the receding of the objects; for it was not we who seemed to rise, but every thing beneath us to retire. In a few minutes we were perpendicular with Leicester-square, and our prospect was grand: the whole of London and its magnificent buildings lay below us, with its surrounding fields, canals, and parks; the beautiful serpentine form of the river, with its rich shipping, docks, and bridges. We enjoyed this scenery for about 15 minutes, and at a quarter before four o'clock entered a dense cloud, which completely shut us out from all sight of the earth. At this time we could sensibly perceive the balloon to be rising. When we had soared through this cloud, my son observed to me, that, from the variegated colours reflected from the multitudinous congregation of vapours, and the effulgence of different lights, he could scarcely see to any great distance, nor make any distinct observations on the numberless forms around us, although, from the splendour of the balloon, I could easily discover, that we had altered our course to the north-east. From the intense cold and a most violent pain in my ears, which I never experienced before, our height could not be less in my calculation than five miles. The late Right Hon. William Windham, when he ascended with me 30 years ago, experienced a similar attack in his eyes, though we had not then ascended above two miles and a half; but from my best observations, calculated upon former experiments, we must have been about that height. My son soon afterwards found the same effect, though in a much slighter degree. By the various currents of air and the renewed motion of the machine, I judged we were approaching the sea, and requesting my son to open the valve, we perceived ourselves rapidly descending. The clouds were so near the earth, that after lowering for a quarter of an hour, we heard the lowing of cattle, but could not discover *terra firma*. Shortly after the clouds opened beneath us, and displayed the variegated fields and the Thames, which informed us that we had altered our direction

again, and were returning from the south-east to the north-west, over East Tilbury, &c. We had a distinct view of the river, Margate, Ramsgate, &c. with their coasts and shipping; but the clouds collecting and rolling over one another, again inclosed us. After once more descending below the clouds, we saw an inviting hay-field at a considerable distance, and opening the valve again, a sufficient quantity of gas escaped for us to reach the proposed spot, and after throwing out the grappling-irons, we came to the ground easily. We remained quiet till all the gas had escaped; by which time a number of spectators had arrived, but not till we had secured every thing properly."

The excavations at Pompeji are pursued with unremitting diligence by the Neapolitan government.—The most recent discoveries have been, three magnificent tombs adorned with sculpture, and a hall which is supposed to have been a court of justice, and is decorated with a triple row of columns. In the same place were also found bronze stoves, of a beautiful form, with a Faun and Bacchus two feet high and of exquisite proportions; lastly, a small bronze gladiator, exactly similar to that which has already been so much admired, and is in the attitude of supplicating life from the spectators. Not long since, a beautiful silver vase, probably used in religious worship, was discovered: it is adorned with figures in relief, and resembles in form that in the royal cabinet of France published by Caylus. A third vase of the same kind is in the cabinet of the late Cardinal Borgia.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Conflagration of Moscow, grand Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Russian Nation, by D. Steibelt. Pr. 5s.

If it is possible, by a combination of musical sounds, to excite sensations analogous to those which human passions or striking events produce, the present attempt of Mr. S. may be affirmed to have accomplished that object with more truth, skill, and success, than any similar work we are acquainted with. Mr. S.'s fame exempts us from entering into a critical analysis of the twenty-five close pages before us; suffice it, therefore, to declare, that his name will derive additional estimation from this loyal effort. But, in order to give our readers some idea of the variety of scenes he has depicted, we shall state, that after a beautiful introduction in G minor, "Napoleon enters Moscow" by the sound of a very impressive triumphal march, founded on the air of Marlborough: but the triumph of the would-be conqueror is soon arrested by the beginning of the "Conflagration;" in the course of which Mr. S. represents "the despair" of the invaders and invaded, the solemn "invocation" of the latter, "the explosion of the Kremlin," the "arrival of the Cossacks," "the battle" in the streets, the "arrival of the Russian infantry," the "lamentation of the conquered," and, finally, the rejoicings of the people, by means of a Russian dance; upon the theme of which a series

of the most exquisite variations has been founded. The scenes of French action are judiciously introduced by airs of French origin, and the Russian portions of the picture founded upon genuine Russian airs; the treatment of both of which, as well as the still greater quantity of original matter, is far above our praise, and will, we are convinced, be admitted to deserve that character by those who shall hear its performance by an able player.

The Return of the Troops, a grand March, for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed by Frederick Ries. Op. 53. Pr. 3s.

Although, in our opinion, this grand march (in D) will, taken in the whole, coincide less with the general taste of the musical public, than another grand march (in C) lately written by the same composer, it nevertheless possesses all that sterling merit which might be expected from the author's pen. Among its distinguishing excellencies is the admirable distribution of the parts between the four hands, approaching as nearly as possible the concertante effects of the fullest orchestra; to which purpose this march has, we perceive, been separately arranged; and of the various very original ideas which are conspicuous throughout the whole, a peculiar period which pervades the trio (in G), cannot fail to engage particular attention. In one respect we observe Mr. R. judiciously adapts his more recent compositions to as extensive a class of players as his conceptions will allow. The march before us is set with a degree of ease which renders it accessible to moderately skilled performers, provided they are sufficiently expert in the observance of time.

The Grand Jubilee, commemorated on the 1st *of August,* 1814, *in Celebration of the glorious Peace, &c. &c. a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte and Harp, composed and selected* by P. Rosolli. Pr. 5s. Single, 3s.

A very comprehensive and correct design of St. James's Park, in its late holiday dress, with the Chinese bridge, pagoda, canal, boats, tents, flags, &c. and a side view of the Temple of Concord, impart to this publication every possible advantage of exterior interest; and the number of pieces successively introduced within, give to the divertimento a decided superiority over the fête itself in point of variety. As to the movements themselves, some of which are professedly put in requisition from the works of other composers, we suppose in order to please all parties, on an occasion of such general rejoicing, Mr. R. has chosen to follow modern taste in the first half, and the old school in the concluding portion of his melody. Some of the melodies in the former part are agreeable and ingenious, and the episodical portions respectable; but in several instances we do not think the harmonies altogether unobjectionable. Great allowance, no doubt, is due to the celerity with which this divertimento has been brought forth, although it would be underrating its value, were we not to add, that that plea is required in a less number of instances than generally occur in compositions produced under similar circumstances.

Ariette, with Variations, an Introduction and Finale for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss E. Fitz-Simons, of Dublin, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 40. Pr. 2s. 6d.

By this composition Mr H. has very greatly enhanced the favourable opinion we had already formed of his talents. Every page of it bespeaks not only sound knowledge, but real classic taste and true musical feeling. The introductory adagio is conceived in an impressive, pathetic style, and treated, as to harmony, in a skilful manner. The theme of the variations, terse and elegant, could not have been devised more to the purpose which the author had in view. Their number is not less than thirteen; but such is their diversity of character and treatment, that we only became sensible of the quantity by the figures prefixed to them. Our room prohibits a regular muster; yet not to be too general in our commendation, we will only advert to the fine variation in six flats, *p.* 5; the 9th variation, where the thirds of the melody are inverted into sixths, and supported by an excellent running bass, &c. To the 13th variation (a very sweet allegretto in $\frac{6}{8}$ time) a fine coda is appended, which, after once more recalling the theme, concludes this happy effort of Mr. H.'s harmonic Muse.

Three Madrigals, one by S. Webbe, sen.; *two* by S. Webbe, jun.

The conviction, derived from perusal, of the rare worth of these three vocal pieces, has left behind a sincere regret, that, previously to giving them a place in our monthly catalogue, an opportunity should not have been at our command to judge of the effect which that perusal fully enabled us to anticipate; but we would not delay bringing them to our reader's notice. The first is a sextett by Mr. Webbe, sen. "Fly swift, ye hours," &c.—the second, a sextett also, by Mr. Webbe, jun. to the sacred Latin text, "Providebam Dominum in conspectu meo"—and the last, a quartett, likewise by Mr. Webbe, jun. "I pierced the grove." All the three pieces are of first-rate excellence, and their staves may be held out to incipient composers as models and examples for their diligent study and analysis. The science and skilful contrivance displayed in the imitations, repercussions, the contrapuntal and fugued passages; in short, the whole construction and economy of the parts, leave nothing to be wished for, and remind us of the following lines in Horace:—

> Fortes creantur fortibus: et bonis
> Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
> Virtus.

The Allied Sovereigns, grand March and Walz for the Piano-Forte, composed in Commemoration of their Arrival in England, June 6, 1814, by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 8. Pr. 2s.

If the march, in its ideas and structure, appears somewhat less uncommon than the occasion which it is intended to commemorate, the spur of that occasion may be allowed to operate as a strong plea. As it stands, it proceeds through its several periods in a regular, easy, and plain spoken manner. Neither do we discover in the walz much novelty of conception, but it is agreeable, especially the trio, which, as

well as other portions of *p.* 5, presents some neat ideas. The parts too in three and four flats (*p.* 6), deserve distinct favourable mention, the whole of that page and of *p.* 7 being well put together. To moderate performers this production may serve as proper practice.

The Allied Sovereigns, grand March and Walz, a second Trio for three or two Performers on the Piano-Forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 0. Pr. 3s. 6d.

As the same movements constitute this publication which we have noticed in our preceding article, we shall only draw our readers' attention to the novelty of stowing *three* performers within the narrow range of *one* key-board; an operation which may be practicable for three misses of slender elegance, but which, with every good-will on his part, the writer of this, although far from absolute corpulency, in vain attempted to go through.

"*Early one Morning, just as the Sun was rising*," *an old English Ballad, sung by Mrs. Liston at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden; the Harmonies and Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano-Forte*, by Wm. Hawes. Pr. 1s. 6d.

However old this tune may be, there is an artless simplicity in it which cannot fail to please the unsophisticated musical ear. Mr. Hawes's share in the publication is satisfactory. It consists in the symphonies, which are interesting; the accompaniment, which, altho' continual harpeggios, is proper in substance; and in some variegated neat turns he has given to the melody and harmony of the second verse.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

FRANCE.

On the 22d July, the budget for the present year was laid before the House of Deputies, by M. Louis, the minister of finance. The comparison to which it cannot fail to give rise, must afford the French people a powerful additional reason for congratulating themselves on that change in their government, to which the valour of the allies smoothed the way.

The ordinary and extraordinary expences for the present year, were estimated by the late government at about 1246 millions of francs. In the first three months, the receipts did not amount to 62 millions, leaving an arrear of above 250 millions on the estimate of those three months, independently of immense losses not taken into that account. The reduction of territory and the economy of the new system, will, it is expected, gradually bring the expences and receipts more nearly upon a level. The new government have reduced the estimate for the present year from 1246 millions to 827; and they calculate, that, during the whole year, they shall receive 520, leaving a deficit of 307 millions. The estimate of receipts and expenditure for 1815, is 618 millions. It may be remembered, that when Bonaparte first seized the consulate, he announced, that the ordinary national expenditure would not exceed 341 millions of francs. In 1803, he gave out, that 444 millions, and the year following, 500

millions, would be fully sufficient. In 1806, he declared, 600 millions to be necessary in time of peace, and 800 in war. In 1809 and 1810, he stated the expenditure at 740 millions; in 1811, he raised it to 954, and in the present year, to 1246 millions. Notwithstanding this rapid rise in his estimates, notwithstanding his swindling tricks, his partial bankruptcies, forced loans, foreign tributes and contributions of every kind, the receipts for every successive year, down to the moment when France was rescued from his harpy claws, were gradually more and more inadequate to the expenditure; and the accumulation of the deficits at the present time, forms an addition of 1308 millions of francs to the public floating debt.

It is evident, that in a country so bare of all pecuniary credit as France, this arrear must be a very serious obstacle to all financial operations. Some part of it, however, is of such a nature as not to require immediate provision: with this deduction there still remains a deficit of 759 millions; and one principal object of the budget is, to provide for the liquidation of this sum, which is proposed to be done partly by obligations on the treasury, payable to order at three years certain, bearing an interest of 8 per cent. and partly by inscriptions in the Great Book, at the market-price of the consolidated 5 per cents. To meet the obligations in question, a quantity of forest land is to be sold, and the produce to be employed as a sinking-fund in buying them up. To meet the regular estimates of this and the next year, the following are the calculated ways and means:

	1814.	1815.
Direct contributions	291,266,000	340,000,000
Indirect do.	86,500,000	130,000,000
Registry, Domns. &c.	114,715,000	120,000,000
Lottery, Post-Of. &c.	27,519,000	28,000,000
	520,000,000	618,000,000

A motion has been submitted to the House of Deputies, respecting the civil list and property of the crown. As it will in all probability pass into a law, we shall give a brief outline of the proposed provisions; which are as follow:—that 25 millions of francs per annum be allowed for the expences of the king and his household; that the Louvre and Tuileries be assigned for his habitations; that the domains of Versailles, Marly, St. Cloud, Meudon, St. Germain, Rambouillet, Compiegne, Fontainebleau, &c. constitute the inalienable endowment of the crown; and that a further sum of eight millions be paid to his majesty for the princes of the royal family. It has also been resolved, to entreat the king to lay before the house a statement of the debts contracted by him while resident in foreign countries, in order to their payment by the state.

The house has, during the past month, been engaged in the warm discussion of a projet of a law presented by the king, for the purpose of restraining the abuse of the liberty of the press. It was proposed to establish a censorship, to which all literary works of less than 30 sheets should be submitted previously to publication. This projet was referred to a committee, which expressed a decided hostility to the principle of the measure before it came under the consider-

ation of the whole house. The discussion occupied several sittings. That a matter of so much moment should have excited a considerable sensation in the public mind, is not surprising; but to such a length did the Parisians carry their curiosity, as to exhibit a proceeding most indecorous and disgraceful to a country calling itself civilized. It appears, that on one of the days when this subject was to have occupied their representatives, a great concourse of people, chiefly females, gained possession of the House of Deputies, to the exclusion of the members, and maintained their places in spite of the orders of the president, who was in consequence obliged to adjourn the sitting. The debate closed on the 11th of August, when the censorship was adopted by a majority of 57 votes out of 217; with these amendments, that it should extend only to works of less than 20 sheets, that it should not interfere with the opinions of the members of the house, and that the duration of the law should be limited to the end of the session of 1816. Scarcely was this discussion finished, when the operation of the new law began to be felt in the apprehension of two advocates and two booksellers, charged with having written two pamphlets on the sale and restitution of the property of emigrants, tending to excite rebellion and civil war. In spite of the strong objections which may be urged against such a measure in the abstract, we question whether, under the present circumstances of France, it was not imperiously demanded, to ensure the safety of the state and the welfare of society.

The French papers report, that the king has sent three commissioners by way of England to St. Domingo, to prevail upon the people of that island to submit to the royal authority; and that they sailed from Falmouth on the 15th of July, for their destination. Hopes seem to be entertained, that the hostilities between Petion and Christophe will accelerate this object. The armies of these rival chiefs are said to have had a bloody engagement, in which Petion lost the greater part of his troops and generals.

NETHERLANDS.

The fate of that portion of the Belgian provinces westward of the Roer, may be considered as finally fixed. They have been placed by the allies under the government of the Prince Sovereign of Holland, to whom the late Governor-General Baron de Vincent surrendered his authority at Brussels on the 31st of July. Though the proclamations issued on the occasion represent this occupation as provisional, yet, from their whole tenor, there can be no doubt that this valuable acquisition will be confirmed at the approaching congress.

Agreeably to an article of the late treaty, by which the squadron at Antwerp was to be divided between France and Holland, seven ships of the line and a brig were given up on the 5th of August to the commissioners of the allied powers, and hoisted the Orange flag.

GERMANY.

We shall not repeat the rumours that are circulated respecting the changes in different parts of Germany, or notice the symptoms of disharmony that are said to have

arisen among our three great allies respecting the partition of the Saxon dominions. That a great part of the latter will be divided among the neighbouring states, seems, however, to be taken for granted. The reason assigned for this severe treatment of the captive monarch, is, that he unnecessarily betrayed to Napoleon the plan of operations agreed upon by the allies, and communicated to him, during his visit to Bohemia, at the time of the armistice, by the Emperor Francis.

Austria has once more taken possession of the Tyrol, ceded to her by Bavaria, which has received the grand duchy of Wurzburg, in lieu of that loyal and unfortunate province.

The German princes generally are preparing to visit Vienna, for the purpose of attending the approaching congress, which is expected to open on the 1st of October.

The King of Prussia reached his capital on the 5th of August, three days before he was expected, to avoid the parade of a public entry, and was received with the highest degree of enthusiasm by his loyal subjects.

SWITZERLAND.

The new Swiss constitution appears to have excited great dissatisfaction in the powerful canton of Berne. The erection of the Pays de Vaud and Argovia, formerly subject to the latter, into independent cantons, has produced a public remonstrance from the chief magistrate of Berne against the Federal Pact, as it is denominated. The Vaudois, however, seem determined not to submit; and as the people of Argovia would rather rush to arms than recognize the authority of Berne, there is every reason to fear, that, without foreign mediation, these dissensions will terminate in bloodshed.

ITALY.

The fine provinces of this peninsula are yet very unsettled; and such is the want of a vigorous government, from the uncertainty which still prevails respecting the destiny of some of them, that the whole coast, from Nice to Naples, is described as being in the possession of banditti. In Piedmont, also, the number of robbers, armed and regularly organized, is said to amount to 3700.

The Pope, who, since his return to his capital, has been assiduously engaged in restoring the old order of things, has remonstrated against the continued occupation of the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, by Austria, on the one hand, and of Ancona and Urbino by Naples, on the other. King Murat is, meanwhile, assembling an army of 20,000 men, for the alleged purpose of some grand manœuvres, but more probably with a view to retain the spoil which political circumstances have enabled him to seize.

King Ferdinand resumed the reins of government in Sicily in the beginning of July, and opened the session of parliament on the 18th by a speech to both houses.

Lucien Bonaparte has been invested by the Pope with the titles of a Roman prince and Duke of Musignano. His mother is gone to visit the new dominions of her

son Napoleon, while Joseph has purchased a fine estate in Switzerland, near the lake of Geneva.

SPAIN.

The accounts from this country continue to present a deplorable picture of the unsettled state of affairs: but as no journal, except the Madrid Gazette, is allowed to circulate, it is very difficult to form any conjecture on the real state of facts. The order for the apprehension and execution of General Elio, captain-general of Valencia, alluded to in our last, has been disclaimed by King Ferdinand as a forgery, and a reward of 10,000 dollars has been offered for the discovery of the author. Similar orders were sent at the same time to put to death the Conde de Labisbal and Don Juan Maria de Villavicencio, the governors of Seville and Cadiz; but the imposition was fortunately detected before it was too late. We have no clue to enable us to determine whether this plot originated in the intrigues of persons surrounding the king, or in the vindictive spirit of the opposite party.

By a royal decree of the 21st July, the Inquisition was formally re-established. The beloved Ferdinand, while thus proving his gratitude to the subjects whose exertions preserved for him that scep tre which he now employs to crush every thing like freedom of thought and independence of sentiment, does not neglect the opportunity of striking a blow at those foreigners to whose generous support he is equally indebted. Among the reasons assigned by him for the restoration of the *Holy Office*, he mentions the introduction of dangerous opinions, partly by the "sojournment in Spain of foreign troops of different sects, almost all infected with sentiments of hatred against our religion."

Meanwhile the persecutions and troubles which distract the peninsula have induced many persons of distinction to emigrate to Italy. Some of these are rallying round the person of Charles IV. at Rome, whom some accounts have already represented as reclaiming the Spanish crown, and declaring his supposed abdication to be a forgery. A violent tumult, in which the most favourable disposition was manifested to support the pretensions of the exiled monarch, is reported to have taken place at Barcelona, and to have been quelled only by the interference of a large body of troops with artillery.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The mission of the envoys of the allied powers to Prince or rather King Christian, has totally failed, and their correspondence with him has been made public. They arrived at Christiania on the 30th of June; some days afterwards they had an audience of his majesty, and on the 7th of July they presented their first note. They agreed to the armistice proposed by the prince, to give him time to assemble the diet and learn its determination; but demanded that the four principal fortresses of the kingdom should meanwhile be placed in the hands of the Swedes. As the prince refused to comply with this condition, the envoys had their audience of leave on the 17th, and the same day returned towards Sweden.

The most active preparations for war were meanwhile made by the latter power. An army of 40,000 men was assembled at Gottenburg, where Bernadotte arrived on the 19th of July to take the command; while the Russians, under Bennigsen, kept advancing into Holstein, to overawe Denmark. Proclamations addressed to the Norwegians having been previously issued by the Prince Royal and his Swedish Majesty, military operations commenced on the 26th of July, by the advance of the Swedish flotilla against that of Norway, stationed near the Hualoerne Islands, off the entrance to the port of Frederickstadt. The Norwegian commander evacuated his position in the night, and the enemy took possession of the islands on the following day.

AMERICA.

In this quarter the British arms have sustained a reverse, but unaccompanied with dishonour. The Americans having landed in great force on the Niagara frontier, reduced Fort Erie by capitulation on the 3d of July. On the 5th they advanced, to the number of 6000, for the purpose of attacking Major-General Riall, who, with 1500 regulars, some militia, and Indians, had taken post at Chippewa, waiting for reinforcements; but that officer gallantly anticipated the intention of the enemy, whom he attacked in the position which they had taken at Street's Creek. After an action highly creditable to the small British force engaged, the general was obliged to retire to Chippewa, after sustaining a loss of 500 in killed, wounded, and missing. Up to the dates of the last accounts, the Americans had not attempted to advance in this direction. As many of the reinforcements from Bourdeaux have reached Quebec, it is hoped that their arrival will speedily give a turn to operations in this quarter.

Along the coasts of the Atlantic great alarm has been excited by the spirit of our dashing seamen, who have destroyed the shipping in various harbours, and done considerable mischief to the enemy on shore at different places where they have landed.

An expedition fitted out at Bermuda, has taken possession, without opposition, of Moose Island, and the other islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy, belonging, by right, to the government of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, but where, through inattention on our part, the Americans have been suffered to establish themselves. Our re-occupation of these islands will deprive them of the facility of carrying on an extensive illicit traffic, and tend to keep the bay of Fundy free from their privateers.

The republicans continue to strain every nerve to strengthen their navy. The Independence of 74 guns has been launched at Charlestown, the Guerriere frigate at Philadelphia, and the Mohawk of 50 guns at Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario, where the American squadron under Commodore Chauncey is waiting for a reinforcement of seamen. The gallant Sir James Yeo has, on account of ill health, resigned the command of the British naval force in that quarter.

On the 28th of March, the U. S. frigate Essex was taken, after a smart action, by the Phœbe and Cherub, in attempting to escape

with a smaller vessel from the port of Valparaiso, in Chili, where they had been, for a considerable time, blocked up by the British ships. The loss on our side was trifling; that of the Essex very severe. Unfortunately for the gallant captors, the enemy had landed two millions of dollars at Valparaiso before they started.

The Rattlesnake, of 18 guns, the fleetest sailing sloop in the American navy, on her return from a cruize in the British seas, became a prize to the Leander frigate on the 11th of July.

The British and American envoys have opened their conferences at Ghent, and the latter have sent home for further instructions. The departure of Lord Hill, to take the chief command of our Trans-atlantic forces is probably deferred till it shall be seen what turn these negociations are likely to take.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 27th of July Parliament was prorogued, in the usual form, by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, till the 27th of August, and the time for the meeting of the two Houses has since been deferred to the 1st of November.

The unfortunate disharmony existing in that branch of the royal house to which the attention of the nation is more particularly directed, has led to the departure of the Princess of Wales for the Continent. Her Royal Highness embarked on the 8th of August at South Lancing, near Worthing, in the Jason frigate, for Cuxhaven, whence she will proceed, in the first instance, to Brunswick, the residence of her brother, the reigning duke, and afterwards visit Italy.

On the 11th of August, the Duke of Berri arrived in the British metropolis, which he quitted again on the 15th. The French papers have ascribed some important political object to this brief visit, while our own, with greater probability, assert, that he was only the bearer of an invitation to the Prince Regent, to the celebration of the birth-day of Louis XVIII. but which his Royal Highness thought proper to decline.

Lord Castlereagh left London on the 15th of August, for Vienna, to attend the approaching congress there on the behalf of the British government; while his brother, Lord Stewart, fills the post of ambassador to the Austrian court.

PLATE 13.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

NOS. 1. and 2. are chairs for halls of solid mahogany, the ornamental parts carved in the same wood; the pannels in the front legs sunk out of the solid wood. In No. 2. the parts in black are of ebony; the finishing, in other respects, as No. 1.

No. 3. a chair in the Gothic taste, adapted for cottages or Gothic mansions. It is here intended to be of oak; the Gothic relievo carved, or it may be painted in imitation of the same wood, and relieved by shadows, to have a good effect.

HALL CHAIRS.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In consequence of the bright warm weather at the beginning of last month, the harvest on the warm, highly cultivated soils is ten days or a fortnight earlier than was expected, the greater part of the wheat being cut, and some of it well housed. The blight or mildew upon the lighter soils in the southern counties, is very prevalent. On many breadths the straw is nearly black, but the ear remaining bright with the grain, is little affected; in others the corn is very light and troughy, so much so, that it becomes doubtful whether the produce will be adequate to the expence of harvesting and threshing. But where the crop is not affected, the produce is of the finest quality, and a great crop.

Barley harvest is heavy, and the quality fine, and has the appearance of an average crop.

Oats are well corned, and their quality good, but the crop light upon stiff soils.

Beans large on the halm, and well corned in those crops where the plants are not too much crowded.

Peas a great crop both of straw and corn, and free from the grub.

Vetches a light straw and well corned.

Turnips made a strong growth at the beginning of the last month, but the dry weather checked them towards the end.

Hops are very promising, and the summer fallows in a clean, husbandmanlike state.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

RULES TO DISCOVER MARRIED COUPLES IN LARGE SOCIETIES OR IN PUBLIC.

1. If you see a gentleman and lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman any thing carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,

5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,

6. If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the attention of every gentleman in the room but *one*, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other —the *one* is her husband.

7. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things, and toying with every pretty woman in the

room, excepting *one,* to whom he appears particularly reserved, cool, and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that *one* is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

8. If you see a young or an old couple jarring, checking, and thwarting each other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed; eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey-bubbles floating on vinegar, which soon are overwhelmed by the preponderance of the fluid, they are, to all intents, man and wife! It is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation: they may be resorted to with confidence; they are upon unerring principles, and deduced from every day's experience.

PRUDENT FORETHOUGHT.

On the intended erection of a Methodist chapel, at a village in Yorkshire, upon leased premises, for a long period, it was proposed by an attorney to make it for 999 years. An old woman present hoped they would extend the lease farther, if possible; for if they should be under the necessity of pulling the chapel down at the expiration of the lease, it would completely stop the road to her house. To obviate the inconvenience which this provident matron apprehended, the parties were kind enough to extend the term to 9999 years.

ROBERT BURNS.

The following verses, in the hand-writing of Burns, are copied from a bank-note, in the possession of Mr. James F. Gracie, of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland, and is dated so far back as the 1st of March, 1780.

Woe worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R—— B——, Kyle.

THE LATE WM. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

The following letter, addressed to a late Dissenting minister of Bristol, is copied *literally* from the manuscript:—

"Bristol, Novem. 16—86.

"Rev. Father in the Lord,—Grace mercy & peace be with thee.

"If God permit & you approve—I will onour your pulpit next thorsday Evening—onour it I say with the person of the vilest sinner that ever liv'd—in the possession of a hope that can never die. If you want to know my Peddegree—I am by birth a Beggar, by practice a devil, by trade a coalhever, by profession—& possession a sinner saved, by principal a stiff decenter—and one of God's own makeing for it was he alone that call'd—ordaind me, and sent me out—and he has bin my Bishop—my tutor, my provider & my defence ever since—Else I had bin kill'd or starv'd long ago.—If you or your people are fond of the original languages—of Eloquince—orrotory—or grammar, I am the man that can disapoint them all. But if apostolick Ignorance will suit them—they will go nigh to gleen a few scraps of that sort—but by degrees will promis nothing farther than that. But to inform my Rev'd Father a little about my

Iregularities—I am in my prayers very short—in my sermons short also—unless the master attends the feast—If so—and the cruse gets a spring of oyl in it—then I generly drop all thoughts of working by the day—nor can I give it up untill I have emtied the whole contents—tho I know I shall get no more, without much knocking—and a deal of calling at mercies door.—This I call liberality—and am vain ennough to think, that this is furvant charity; and *that* charity, which if aplyed, covers a multitude of sins—and no wonder, when we hold forth freely the blood and righteousness of him that clenseeth from all the guilt of sin—and the robe that covers all the remains of sin—Rev'd Father God Bless you—abundant happyness — comfort & sucksess attend bouth you, your family,—and your flock—while I remain—tho unknown, affectionately yours

"WM. HUNTINGTON."

LETTER FROM A QUAKER TO A WATCHMAKER.

LITTLE DALE, the place of the residence of my fleshly tabernacle, the 19th of the 9th month, in the year of 1759, where thou mayest be welcome to such as I keep.

Friend Joseph,

I desired Christopher Hopkins, who sells the dead letter, and gains much by trading with such books, to bring to thee an erroneous movement called a watch, to give it thy friendly correction and reproof. She has long been guilty of lying, and seldom speaks the truth; by her losing I have been often led into mistakes; she has been twice at thy school for amendment, but as yet has profited little at thy hands: I fear her inward principles are not right, for she is very apt to lie; nor dare I trust to her outward indications; I wish thou wouldst cast the spirit of untruth out of her, and instruct her to point to that which is right: plainly, friend, I confide very much in thy ability and outward skill, and hope thy integrity is equal to them. If the fault prove from any defect in the outward man, the spring, or any other cause, I must desire thee to rectify them. Evil principles, thou knowest, seldom produce good effects. I fear there is some latent root of evil in her, otherwise she would not deceive both thee and me. She tells me thee has filed her, and yet all her defilements continue still. She says thee has turned her canter-wheel; yet the whole machinery goes wrong. She says thee has taken out her crevices, yet her old sores remain. She says thee has turned the lips of her teeth, yet she remains unconverted to the truth: and thus, in the literal sense, O watchman, thou watchest in vain! Thee demands the fifth part of a pound sterling, as the world calls it, for thy labour. I own thee art worthy of a recompence when thy labour doth profit me; but she has been wound up regularly ever since she came to my hands, and yet she errs and fails in her duty. I have once again sent her unto thee: I pray thee to enter into a friendly conference with her, and reform this vice of lying: I will board her with thee a few days, and pay thee for her fare, if thee requires or desires it, for I would not be too troublesome to thee: I desired our friend Hopkins to content thee for thy

pains. Thus leaving her to thy friendly care and correction, I remain thy friend, in the light, &c.

P. H.

IMPROVEMENT ON EPITAPHS.

A tomb-stone, with the following decorations and inscription, was set up last month in the church-yard of Bisbrook, Rutland:—On the top a gaudy representation of a waggon and four horses, with the driver; a figure of the church; a gate; a green hedge; and different implements of husbandry on each side; and the subjoined inscription:—

"Sacred to the Memory of Nathaniel Clark, who died Jan. 27, 1813, aged 74.

"Here lies the body of Nathaniel Clark,
Who never did no harm in the light nor in the dark;
But by his blessed horses taking great delight,
And often travel'd with them by day and by night."

ANECDOTE, FROM LAMBERT'S TRAVELS THROUGH CANADA.

Madame B—t d'A—y had made a most absurd and ridiculous vow, previous to the birth of a child, that if she died in child-birth, and the infant was a female, it should be dedicated to the service of Christ. This event did happen, and the child was accordingly brought up in the strictest manner at the convent of Quebec. The father too appeared fully determined, that when of age his daughter should take the veil, agreeably to the dying request of her mother. When the young lady, however, grew up to years of maturity, she seemed more inclined to fulfil the divine command of the Almighty, to "increase and multiply," than to lead a life of celibacy in a convent. Her heart was soon captivated by the tender assiduities of a gallant youth, and vows of love, instead of religion, bound her to him. Their affection was mutual, and as long as she reflected upon that, she dreaded not the infatuated vow of her mother. It happened that her lover was obliged to go abroad for some time. Imperious circumstances delayed his return, and the time approached when she was to be sacrificed at the altar. It was now two years since he had left her, and for a long time she had heard no tidings of him. Hope, fear, and despair, alternately took possession of her mind. She could not believe that he was faithless, yet knew not how to account for his absence and neglect; at a period too when he must be acquainted with her unfortunate destination. The father persisted in his determination to make her renounce the world, and the day arrived when this distressing scene was to take place. Her story was well known in Quebec, and crowds were at the convent at an early hour to witness the sight. Like a lamb led to be sacrificed, she approached the altar. The bishop commenced the ceremony, which generally lasts a considerable time. At length he came to that part where she is asked, whether she will accept the veil, that is to wed her to Christ? At this moment all eyes were fixed upon her pale and deathlike countenance. Her eyes were drowned in tears, and her frame was nearly sinking under such a weight of woe, when, looking round the crowd, she suddenly started, and immediately turning to the bishop, declared, with much firmness, that she would be wedded to no one earth but that young man, pointing to her lover. In an in-

stant all eyes were turned upon the fortunate youth, who had providentially arrived that day at Quebec, and, on hearing the melancholy tale, immediately hurried to the convent, and pushing his way through the crowd, arrived just in time to prevent the unfortunate catastrophe. It was a joyful scene, and the bishop, without hesitation, married the young couple on the spot.

FROZEN ELEPHANT.

Some time ago an imperfect account appeared in the public journals, of the discovery of the frozen carcase of an immense animal on the coast of Siberia. The following interesting narration has been since published by the celebrated naturalist Cuvier, in a recent work on *The Theory of the Earth*:—" In the year 1799, a Tungusian fisherman observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank, near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach. He next year observed the same object, which was rather more disengaged from among the ice, but was still unable to conceive what it was. Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcase of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which and one of its tusks had become disengaged from the ice. In consequence of the ice beginning to thaw earlier and to a greater degree than usual in 1803, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcase became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-crag on a sand-bank forming part of the coast of the Arctic Ocean. In the month of March in that year, the Tungusian carried away the two tusks, which he sold for the value of fifty rubles; and at this time a drawing was made of the animal, of which I possess a copy. Two years afterwards, or in 1806, Mr. Adams went to examine this animal, which still remained on the sand-bank where it had fallen from the ice, but its body was then greatly mutilated. The Jakuts of the neighbourhood had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs; and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcase; yet the skeleton remained quite entire, except that one of the fore-legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder-blade, and three legs were still held together by their ligaments and by some remains of the skin; and the other shoulder-blade was found at a short distance. The head remained covered by the dried skin, and the pupils of the eyes were distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a good deal shrunk and dried up; and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of long bristly hair. The upper lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under lip was entirely gone, so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The animal was a male, and had a long mane on its neck. The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with considerable difficulty. More than thirty pounds weight of the hair and bristles of this animal were

gathered from the wet sand-bank, having been trampled into the mud by the white bears, while devouring the carcase. Some of the hair was presented to our Museum of Natural History by M. Targe, censor in the Lyceum of Charlemagne. It consists of three distinct kinds. One of these is stiff, black bristles, a foot or more in length; another is thinner bristles, or coarse flexible hair, of a reddish-brown colour; and a third is a coarse reddish-brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair. These afford an undeniable proof, that this animal had belonged to a race of elephants inhabiting a cold region, with which we are now unacquainted, and by no means fitted to dwell in the torrid zone. It is also evident, that this enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death."

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 14.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of lilac or evening primrose-coloured sarsnet, trimmed entirely round the bosom with a quilling of blond lace, edged with chenille; sarsnet flounce, headed with tufts or quilling of blond, corresponding with the top of the dress; long full sleeve, partially drawn up and fastened with bows of silk cord; a lace cuff. The French hat, composed of white and and lilac satin; the crown trimmed with tufts and bows of ribbon, and ornamented with a large cluster of flowers. Slippers of lilac kid. Gloves pale tan.

PLATE 15.—EVENING HALF-DRESS.

A plain frock, with full-drawn back, composed of striped sarsnet Italian net of peach-blossom colour; full flounce of blond lace, headed with tufts of the same; a quilling of blond round the top of the dress; long full sleeve of white satin, inlet with lace. Hair in short full curls behind, and blended with flowers on the front of the head. Slippers of white kid. Limerick gloves.

Poetry.

ELLEN.

By J. M. LACY.

OCTOBER's dreariest, darkest day,
Denied Sol's pow'r a transient ray
To seek the hour of gloom;
'Twas cheerless all,—the heavy air
Was suited but to sad despair,
Which contemplates the tomb.
A hapless fair, on such a day,
To grief's too bitter pang a prey,
And disappointed love,
Had left her once delightful home,
With melancholy far to roam,
Deep in the distant grove.
For in that grove, in luckless hour,
She felt the force of love's strong pow'r,
A false one stole her peace:
He fled! and left the maid so fair,
Who droop'd the victim of despair,
Nor found from woe release.
She sought the tree,—her fav'rite tree—
Whose wild-grown root her seat would be,
Whose branches form'd her bow'r,
And there she wept the dull day through,
For love as false as her's was true,
Nor knew mild comfort's pow'r.
'Twas there she sat in happier days,
When love attun'd his sweetest lays,

MORNING DRESS.

Plate 15. Vol. 12

EVENING HALF DRESS.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

And summer clad the tree:
But now, alas! its boughs were bare;
Emblems of Ellen's deep despair,
Of Ellen's misery!
If pray'rs, fair maiden, can avail,
Mine, oh! believe me, shall not fail
To sue for mercy's care;
'Tis only Heav'n can sooth thee now,
For Heav'n has heard thy fervent vow,
'Twill not be slighted there!

LINES

From Miss C. in the Highlands of Argyleshire, to Miss N. in Edinburgh.

Far from my friend through Highland scenes I rove,
Romantic scenes, delightful to the eye;
Ardgartan* sure, I'll never fail to love,
Nor for gay cities wish again will I.
Contentment here, and peace, and plenty reign;
Each day some new amusement gives delight;
Some hie to fishing, some to walk the plain;
Now music charms, and dancing does invite.
I love at morn by verdant banks to stray,
Cull wreaths of wild flowers from the mountain's side;
Hence to the lake, at noontide of the day,
O luxury! and bathe me in its tide.
Love and the Graces here delight to dwell;
Serenely Phœbus gilds fair Autumn's sky;
Old Ocean smiles, blythe Triton tunes his shell,
None hence can feel more happiness than I.

M. C.

* The seat of Mr. C. on the banks of Loch, or Lake Long, an arm of the sea, about 20 miles from Inverary.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

(From the Phœnix Nest, 1599.)

Now what is Loue, I praie thee tell;
It is that fountaine, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell
That tols all in, to heauen or hell:
And this is Loue as I heare tell.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee saie?
It is a worke on holie daie;
It is December matcht with Maie,
When lustie bloud's in fresh arraie:
Heare ten months after of the plaie;
And this is Loue as I heare saie.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee saine?
It is a sunshine mixt with raine;
It is a tooth-ache, or like paine;
It is a game, where none doth gaine;
The Lasse saith No, and would full faine;
And this is Loue as I hear saine.

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee say?
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretie kinde of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soone away,
Then take the vantage while you may:
And this is Loue as I heare say.

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee shew?
A thing that creepes, it cannot goe;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for mo,
And he that proues must finde it so:
And this is Loue (sweet friend) I troe.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

Buonaparte he would set out
For a summer excursion to Moscow,
The fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more,
Heigh ho for Moscow!
There were marshals by the dozen and dukes by the score,
Princes a few, and kings one or two,
While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh ho for Moscow!

Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp and the Emperor Nap,
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But they must be marching to Moscow.

But then the Russians they turn'd to,
All on the road to Moscow;
Nap had to fight his way all thro',
They could fight, but they could not parley-vous;
But the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,
For they set fire to Moscow;
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow:
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in *ow*;
Rajefsky and Noverefsky,
And all the others that end in *efsky*;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,
And all the others that end in *eff*;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff, and Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in *off*;
Milaradovitch, and Jaladovitch, and Karatchkowitch,
And all the others that end in *itch*;
Oscharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, and Kazatichkoffsky,
And all the others that end in *offsky*:
And last of all an admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all must know very well,
Nobody can speak and nobody can spell;
And Platoff he played them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Tutchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Woronzoff he worried them off,
And Dochtoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodinoff he flogg'd them off:
They stuck close to them with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
Nap would rather parley-vous than fight;
But parley-vous no more would do,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
For they remembered Moscow!

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow!
The Emperor Nap found as he went,
That he was not quite omnipotent;
And worse and worse the weather grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a terrible journey from Moscow!

The devil take the hindmost,
All on the road from Moscow!
Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,
To fight all day and to freeze all night;
And so not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
All on the road from Moscow!

'Twas as much too cold upon the road,
As it was too hot at Moscow;
But there is a place which he must go to,
Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He'll find it hotter than Moscow.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 1 to 6.

TOTAL 6,789 quarters.—Average, 69s. $2\frac{3}{4}$d. per quarter, or 2s $4\frac{1}{4}$d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Aug. 6 to 12.

TOTAL, 22,291 sacks.—Average, 66s. $11\frac{3}{4}$d. per sack, or 2s. $9\frac{1}{2}$d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Aug. 13.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	71	7	Barley	34	11	Beans	45	6
Rye -	40	4	Oats -	26	6	Pease	48	3

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white,	s,	s,	s.	Tares, per	s.	s,	s.
per quarter	54	86	—	bushel -	7	10	—
——red - -	50	80	—	Turnip - -	18	24	—
——foreign	50	64	—	Mustard,			
Rye - - -	34	36	—	brown -	16	18	—
Barley, English	32	39	—	——white	6	14	—
Malt - - -	60	76	—	Canary, per qr.	160	175	—
Oats Feed -	16	27	—	Hempseed -	66	74	—
——Friezland	—	—	—	Linseed - -	65	110	—
——Poland	17	30	—	Clover, red,			
——Potatoe	24	33	—	per cwt.	40	82	—
Beans, Pigeon	48	52	—	—— white	70	105	—
——Horse -	—	—	—	—— foreign,			
Pease, Boiling	50	64	—	red	45	84	—
——Grey -	42	48	—	—— white	75	108	—
Flour per sack	70	75	—	Trefoil - -	4	34	—
——Seconds	60	65	—	Carraway -	80	96	—
——Scotch	50	60	—	Coriander -	16	20	—

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £30 a £32 a £34.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £18. 18s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	102	a	110
—— good	96	a	101
—— ordinary	90	a	98
East India white	105	a	115
—— yellow	96	a	104
—— brown	90	a	95

MOLASSES 56s. 0d. a —s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s		s
Double Loaves	180	a	205
Hambro' ditto	166	a	170
Powder ditto	158	a	168
Single ditto	156	a	164
Canary Lumps	150	a	160
Large ditto	148	a	154
Bastards, whole	95	a	100
—— faces	100	a	106
—— middles	90	a	100
—— tips -	85	a	9

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and				
Carraccas	90	0	a	100
Plantation	65	0	a	80

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24
Cloves	10	0	a	10
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11
Mace	36	0	a	42
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—
—— black	2	5	a	2
Pimento	2	0	a	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 65s. 4d.

Both raw and refined sugars continue in brisk demand, at rather advancing prices.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	0	a	7	7	Kent - -	6	6	a	9	0
Sussex - -	5	0	a	6	0	Sussex - -	6	0	a	7	10
Essex - -	5	0	a	7	0	Farnham -	10	0	a	14	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Aug.	Wheat, s		s	Barley, s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas s	
Newcastle	13	60	a	76	35	a	36	22	a	31	—	a	—	64	a
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Lewes	20	80	a	88	—	a	—	27	a	30	44	a	48	—	a
Chesterfield	13	69	a	85	—	a	—	27	a	34	48	a	53	—	a
Ashborne	13	72	a	84	—	a	—	28	a	32	56	a	60	—	a
Guildford	20	—	a	—	46	a	—	28	a	33	50	a	56	54	a
Gainsboro'	16	68	a	85	35	a	37	22	a	27	40	a	44	—	a
Louth	17	65	a	72	24	a	30	20	a	24	38	a	42	—	a
Huntingdon	13	56	a	84	30	a	35	20	a	25	30	a	38	—	a
Newark	17	88	a	92	—	a	—	24	a	28	45	a	48	—	a
Spilsby	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Devizes	18	68	a	88	36	a	—	29	a	32	48	a	54	—	a
Reading	20	70	a	99	36	a	—	21	a	30	43	a	51	—	a
Swansea	17	78	a	—	36	a	—	26	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Henley	18	60	a	94	36	a	41	20	a	35	44	a	56	44	a
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Salisbury	16	74	a	90	31	a	37	24	a	30	48	a	56	—	a
Penrith	16	75	a	—	31	a	—	25	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Basingstoke	17	76	a	96	30	a	34	22	a	28	40	a	53	—	a
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Warminster	20	73	a	84	30	a	36	26	a	32	50	a	60	—	a

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
——Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14
—— Irish -	0	0	a	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1814. JULY	Wind.		Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain
1	S W	2	30,06	30,00	30,030	64,0°	51,0°	57,50°	cloudy	.100	
○ 2	S W	1	30,12	30,06	30,090	69,0	52,0	60,50	fine	.106	
3	S W	1	30,18	30,12	30,150	72,0	50,0	61,00	fine	.076	
4	S W	1	30,12	30,08	30,100	70,0	58,0	64,00	cloudy	.072	—
5	S W	2	30,12	30,08	30,100	70,0	59,0	64,50	cloudy	.066	—
6	S W	3	30,08	30,02	30,050	71,0	58,0	64,50	gloomy	.114	.075
7	S W	2	30,02	29,86	29,940	66,0	58,0	62,00	rainy	.056	—
8	S W	1	29,86	29,78	29,820	70,0	52,0	61,00	fine	.070	.250
9	S	1	29,82	29,78	29,800	70,0	59,0	64,50	fine	.090	—
☽ 10	S W	1	29,88	29,82	29,850	68,0	56,0	62,00	rainy	.104	—
11	S W	1	30,14	29,82	29,980	70,0	50,0	60,00	rainy	.065	
12	N W	1	30,28	30,14	30,210	72,0	53,0	62,50	fine	.100	
13	N W	3	30,28	30,00	30,140	66,0	56,0	61,00	cloudy	.086	.130
14	N W	3	30,00	29,88	29,940	60,0	52,0	56,00	cloudy	.054	—
15	S W	1	29,88	29,84	29,860	64,0	52,0	58,00	cloudy	.084	.010
16	W	1	30,00	29,88	29,940	63,0	52,0	57,50	gloomy	.050	
● 17	W	1	30,04	30,00	30,020	66,0	55,0	60,50	brilliant	.100	.100
18	W	2	30,04	29,98	30,010	64,0	52,0	58,00	cloudy	—	
19	S E	2	29,98	29,80	29,890	68,0	54,0	61,00	gloomy	—	1,460
20	Var.	2	29,80	29,70	29,750	70,0	58,0	64,00	variable	—	.020
21	Var.	2	29,86	29,80	29,830	60,0	52,0	56,00	cloudy	.310	
22	S W	1	29,86	29,80	29,860	64,0	56,0	60,00	brilliant	.062	
23	S W	1	30,34	29,86	30,100	65,0	57,0	61,00	brilliant	.076	
☾ 24	S W	1	30,34	30,10	30,220	75,0	61,0	68,00	brilliant	.122	
25	S E	1	30,10	29,90	30,000	80,0	62,0	71,00	brilliant	.170	
26	S W	2	30,06	29,90	29,980	76,0	64,0	70,00	brilliant	.150	
27	S W	1	30,10	30,06	30,080	75,0	58,0	66,50	cloudy	.120	
28	S	1	30,06	29,92	29,990	76,0	67,0	71,50	brilliant	.070	—
29	S W	1	29,90	29,82	29,860	72,0	56,0	64,00	gloomy	.130	—
30	S W	2	30,16	29,90	30,030	68,0	56,0	62,00	cloudy	.100	
31	S W	2	30,16	30,06	30,110	70,0	58,0	64,00	cloudy	.094	.680
				Mean	29,991		Mean	62,40		2,797	2,735

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,991—maximum, 30,34, wind S. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,70, wind Var. 2.—Range, .64 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .32 inch, which was on the 11th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 3,5 inches.—Number of changes, 11.

Mean temperature, 62°.4.—Max. 80°, wind S. E. 1.—Min. 50°, wind S. W. 1.—Range 30.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 22°, which was on the 3d.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,797 inches.

Fall of rain, 2,735 inches—rainy days, 15—snowy, 0—haily, 1.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	0	2	2	19	3	3	2	0

Brisk winds 8—Boisterous ones 0.

Notes.—4th. Drizzly rain in the evening.—6th Brisk south-west wind during the day, but in the evening a calm with drizzly rain.—17th Seasonable showers of rain at five o'clock P. M.—the day was fine and warm.—20th About four o'clock P. M. much loud thunder and vivid lightning, when rain descended in torrents; in half an hour there fell nearly an inch and a half in depth—in the forenoon there was a fine breeze from the south-west, but the weather was very sultry and oppressive, particularly in the afternoon, when there was a calm.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814. JULY	Wind.	Pressure. Max	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	S W	30,06	29,96	30,010	64°	44°	54,0°	fine		
2	N W	30,07	30,06	30,065	69	45	57,0	fine	—	
3	N W	30,09	30,07	30,080	76	54	65,0	fine	—	
4	N W	30,09	30,08	30,085	68	58	63,0	fine	—	
5	N W	30,10	30,09	30,095	76	54	65,0	fine	—	—
6	S W	30,10	30,03	30,065	76	55	65,5	fine	—	
7	S W	30,03	29,98	30,005	76	60	68,0	cloudy	.88	
8	S W	29,98	29,86	29,920	69	62	65,5	rainy	—	—
9	S W	29,86	29,86	29,860	72	63	67,5	cloudy	—	—
10	S	29,96	29,86	29,910	67	49	58,0	showers	—	—
11	S W	30,10	29,96	30,030	73	54	63,5	showers	—	.32
12	N W	30,15	30,10	30,125	68	55	61,5	cloudy	.59	—
13	N W	30,10	29,95	30,025	62	51	56,5	cloudy	—	
14	N W	29,95	29,88	29,915	63	53	58,0	cloudy	—	
15	W	29,88	29,80	29,840	65	53	59,0	showery	.37	
16	N E	29,97	29,80	29,885	62	50	56,0	showery	—	—
17	S E	29,97	29,97	29,970	70	59	64,5	showery	—	.22
18	S W	29,97	29,96	29,965	70	52	61,0	showery	—	—
19	N W	29,96	29,80	29,880	70	61	65,5	fine	—	—
20	S W	29,86	29,77	29,815	75	59	67,0	fine	—	
21	N W	29,99	29,86	29,925	72	63	67,5	fine	.60	—
22	N W	30,25	29,99	30,120	69	53	61,0	fine	—	.20
23	S W	30,25	30,19	30,220	86	56	71,0	fine	—	
24	S W	30,19	29,98	30,085	80	63	71,5	fine	.52	
25	S E	29,98	29,90	29,940	84	61	72,5	fine	—	
26	N W	30,05	29,90	29,975	80	60	70,0	fine	—	
27	S E	30,05	29,98	30,015	83	70	76,5	fine	—	
28	S E	29,98	29,89	29,935	91	66	78,5	sultry	1,08	—
29	S W	30,05	29,90	29,975	71	56	63,5	cloudy	—	—
30	N W	30,10	30,05	30,075	72	65	68,5	fine	.37	
31	W	30,10	29,98	30,040	79	54	66,5	fine	.12	.17
			Mean	29,995		Mean	64,7	Total	4,53in.	.91in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29,995 inches; highest observation, 30,25 inches; lowest, 29,77 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 64,7°.; —highest observation, 91° —lowest, 44°.—Total of evaporation, 4,53 inches.—Total of rain, .91 inch.—Total in another gauge, 1,06 inches.

Notes.—1st. Fine moonlight night.—5th. A shower in the morning.—16th and 23d. A stratus on the marshes at night.—27th. Some lightning at night.—28th. Frequent vivid lightning in the evening.—29th Some lightning this morning with rain—a strong breeze from the westward all day.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for August, 1814.

Commercial Dock £145 10s a 146 10s pr.sh.
East London Water-Works £70 do.
Grand Junction Ditto . 39 10s a 40 do.
West Middlesex Ditto 30 10s a 40 do.
Rock Life Assurance . 2 15s. do.
Kent Ditto . . 10 do.
Birmingham Fire Ditto . 199 10s 200 do.
Eagle Ditto . . 2 2s. do.
London Ditto . 21 do.
Birmingham Canal . 650 do.
Chesterfield Ditto . 101 do.
Erewash Ditto . 800 do.
Grand Junction Ditto . 228 do.

Coventry Canal . £810 pr. sh.
Grand Union . . 95 a 96 10s do.
Grand Western . . 54 dis.
Grand Trunk Ditto . 1221 pr. sh.
Highgate Archway . 12 12s. do.
Strand Bridge . . 27 10s. do.
Vauxhall . . 34 do.
London Com. Sale-Rooms 53 do.
Flour Company . . 5 do.
Drury-Lane Theatre, 500*l*. Sh. 200 a 220 do.
Irish Tontine, £100 Debenture of 3d Class, 1777 . 63 do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	2d Om. for 1814.	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3$\frac{1}{2}$d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. Aug 25.
July 21	259	68 a $\frac{3}{8}$	68$\frac{5}{8}$	84$\frac{5}{8}$	97$\frac{1}{8}$	16$\frac{7}{8}$	2$\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	66$\frac{5}{8}$	3$\frac{7}{8}$	96	—	—	195$\frac{1}{2}$	14 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	£19.19s.	68$\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$
22	259	68 a $\frac{3}{8}$	68$\frac{1}{2}$	84$\frac{3}{4}$	97$\frac{5}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	2$\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	66$\frac{7}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	15 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68$\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$
23	258	68$\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	68$\frac{3}{4}$	84$\frac{7}{8}$	97$\frac{5}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	2$\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm*	—	—	96$\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	195	15 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		69a68$\frac{5}{8}$
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
26	258$\frac{1}{2}$	68 a $\frac{1}{8}$	68$\frac{3}{8}$	84$\frac{5}{8}$	97$\frac{1}{2}$	16$\frac{7}{8}$	2$\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	66$\frac{5}{8}$	—	—	—	68	—	15 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68 a $\frac{5}{8}$
27	258$\frac{3}{4}$	68 a 7$\frac{7}{8}$	68$\frac{1}{4}$	84$\frac{1}{2}$	97$\frac{1}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	71$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	17 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68 a $\frac{1}{2}$
28	258$\frac{1}{2}$	68$\frac{1}{8}$ a 7$\frac{3}{4}$	68$\frac{1}{4}$	84$\frac{3}{8}$	97$\frac{1}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	2 *Pm.*	66$\frac{3}{8}$	3$\frac{7}{8}$	96$\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	195	17 *Pm*	5 *Pm.*		68 a $\frac{5}{8}$
29	—	67 a $\frac{3}{4}$	68$\frac{7}{8}$	84$\frac{1}{4}$	97	16$\frac{7}{8}$	1$\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	66$\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68$\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$
30	—	67 a $\frac{1}{2}$	67$\frac{3}{4}$	83$\frac{3}{4}$	96$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{7}{8}$	0$\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67$\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$
Aug. 1	—	67 a $\frac{3}{8}$	67$\frac{1}{2}$	83$\frac{7}{8}$	96$\frac{5}{8}$	16$\frac{7}{8}$	0$\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$
2	257$\frac{1}{2}$	67 a $\frac{5}{8}$	67$\frac{3}{4}$	84$\frac{1}{8}$	97	16$\frac{7}{8}$	0$\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	194	19 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{1}{2}$a68
3	—	67$\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	68	84$\frac{1}{4}$	97	16$\frac{15}{16}$	1$\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	66$\frac{1}{4}$	3$\frac{7}{8}$	96$\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	19 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{7}{8}$a8$\frac{1}{8}$
4	260	67$\frac{7}{8}$ a 8$\frac{1}{8}$	68$\frac{3}{8}$	84$\frac{1}{2}$	97	16$\frac{15}{16}$	1$\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	19 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		68$\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$
5	259	67$\frac{3}{4}$ a 8	68$\frac{1}{4}$	84$\frac{3}{8}$	97	16$\frac{15}{16}$	1$\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	66$\frac{1}{4}$	3$\frac{13}{16}$	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		68$\frac{1}{4}$a7$\frac{7}{8}$
6	—	67$\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	67$\frac{7}{8}$	84$\frac{1}{4}$	96$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	1 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm*	6 *Pm.*		67$\frac{3}{4}$a$\frac{7}{8}$
8	260	67$\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$	68	84$\frac{3}{8}$	96$\frac{7}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	1 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{3}{4}$a$\frac{7}{8}$
9	259$\frac{1}{4}$	67$\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	67$\frac{7}{8}$	84$\frac{3}{8}$	97$\frac{7}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	0$\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm*	—	—	—	—	67$\frac{1}{8}$	—	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{7}{8}$a$\frac{1}{2}$
10	—	67$\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	67$\frac{3}{4}$	84$\frac{1}{4}$	96$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	0$\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.*	66	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{1}{2}$ a$\frac{3}{4}$
11	260	67$\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	67$\frac{7}{8}$	84$\frac{1}{4}$	96$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	0$\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	65$\frac{7}{8}$	3$\frac{7}{8}$	—	71$\frac{1}{8}$	67$\frac{1}{8}$	196	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{7}{8}$
12	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
13	—	67$\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$	67$\frac{5}{8}$	84$\frac{1}{8}$	96$\frac{5}{8}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	0$\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	—	3$\frac{7}{8}$	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{3}{8}$a$\frac{1}{4}$
15	—	67$\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$	67$\frac{3}{4}$	84$\frac{1}{8}$	96$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{15}{16}$	0$\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{1}{4}$
16	259$\frac{1}{2}$	67$\frac{1}{8}$ a 6$\frac{7}{8}$	67$\frac{1}{2}$	84	96$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{7}{8}$	0$\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	6 *Pm*		67 a $\frac{1}{4}$
17	259	67$\frac{1}{8}$ a 6$\frac{3}{4}$	67$\frac{3}{8}$	83$\frac{7}{8}$	96$\frac{1}{2}$	16$\frac{7}{8}$	0$\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	65$\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67$\frac{1}{8}$a6$\frac{3}{4}$
18	258$\frac{1}{2}$	66$\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	66$\frac{3}{4}$	83$\frac{1}{4}$	96	16$\frac{13}{16}$	0$\frac{7}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		66$\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$
19	—	66 a 5$\frac{1}{4}$	66$\frac{1}{4}$	83$\frac{3}{4}$	95$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{11}{16}$	2$\frac{1}{4}$ *Dis.*	64$\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	17 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		66$\frac{1}{8}$a5$\frac{1}{4}$
20	—	65$\frac{5}{8}$ a 6$\frac{1}{4}$	66$\frac{3}{8}$	83	95$\frac{3}{4}$	16$\frac{11}{16}$	1$\frac{5}{8}$ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		65$\frac{5}{8}$a6$\frac{3}{8}$

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